DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1832.

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FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

We have collated from our Foreign publications, received by the late arrivals from England, a variety of the MISCELLANIES, which grace our columns this week. From "*Bell's Life in London*," we have culled a large portion of SPORTING INTELLIGENCE, for the amusement of our friends of the Turf, Chase, Gun, and Angle, which we especially commend to their attention, with the assurance, however, that to even the general reader, it will serve agreeably to "wile away a weary hour."

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Madame Vestris took a benefit at Manchester on Monday night, and had an overflowing house. Mr. ANDERSON appeared on the occasion as Captain Macheath, and was enthusiastically applauded. The part of Polly was sustained by Mrs. Anderson, with equal success. Two hours after the performance, Mr. A. was seized with Cholera, and had a narrow escape of appearing upon "another and a better stage." He is now on his way to London by easy stages.

The Surrey Theatre has suddenly closed for the season. The company have taken the Westminster Theatre. "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Astley's Amphitheatre continues to boast of overflowing houses.

Mr. Knowles appeared in his own play of the Hunchback at Belfast on Monday night: Miss Ellen Tree played with him in the character of Julia.

Mrs. Waylett will surrender the New Strand Theatre into the hands of the original proprietor, Mr. Rayner, at the latter end of November. Mr. Rayner has been securing some engagements of great promise in the provinces.

Laporte has secured Malibran for the approaching season for Covent Garden. He succeeded in beating Bunn for Drury-lane by a neck.

Paganini is taking a provincial tour, and is announced to appear at Southampton during the present month. We have not yet heard of his performing for any of our English Charities. When he has skimmed the cream of popular curiosity, perhaps he will give the poor a little of the *skim milk*.

SEDUCTION AND SUICIDE.

An inquisition was taken on Saturday, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, before Mr. Payne, [illegible]ing the death of Sarah Sheffield, a fine young woman, eighteen years of age, who terminated her existence by poison. The young woman, who was much esteemed, was the daughter of Mr. Sheffield. About two months ago, Henry Sheffield, a young man, who is first cousin to the deceased, became most assiduous in his attentions to her, and at length prevailed upon her, under a promise of marriage, to elope. After living together for a short time at No. 6 Great Arthur-st. Goswell-st. the young woman pressed him to make her his wife. On his refusal to do so, she seized a knife, with which she made a desperate attempt to cut her throat, and it was with difficulty that it was wrested from her. The distracted state of the unhappy girl's mind, however, failed in making the least impression upon the obdurate heart of her relative, who threatened to abandon his victim; and, to add to her distress and misery, her friends having heard that she was living in an improper way, turned their backs upon her, and her father refused again to shelter her. Under these circumstances, she procured, on Thursday last, an ounce of oxalic acid, which she mixed in some water, and swallowed the deadly draught in the presence of her lover. She began to vomit, when Mr. Williams, surgeon, of Aldersgate street, was sent for. She told him what she had taken, and that she wished to die. Sheffield, who was present, evinced much apathy as to the fate of his victim. Mr. Williams noticed this, and asked why he did not assist his unfortunate wife? The deceased, on hearing this, faintly exclaimed, "I'm no wife of his; he has ruined me, and caused my father to close his door on me!" Sheffield did not seem affected by the dying exclamation of the young woman; but calmly taking up his hat, walked out of the apartment. After some antidotes had been administered, the deceased was conveyed to the Hospital, where she expired in great agony on the following morning. The coroner having censured, in the most unmeasured terms, the unfeeling conduct of Sheffield, the Jury returned the following verdict: "that the deceased took poison in a state of insanity, produced by the bad conduct of Henry Sheffield."—*London paper.*

CARDING the tithe proctors (who certainly were the genuine tyrants of Ireland,) was occasionally resorted to by the White Boys, and was performed in the following manner. The tithe proctor was generally waked out of his first sleep by his door being smashed in; and the *boys* in white shirts desired him "never to fear," as they only intended to *card* him this bout, for taking a quarter instead a tenth from every poor man in the parish. They then turned him on his face upon the bed; and taking a lively ram-cat out of a bag which they brought with them, they set him between the proctor's shoulders. The beast, being nearly as much terrified as the proctor, would endeavor to get off; but being held fast by the tail, he intrenched every claw deep in the proctor's back, in order to keep up a firm resistance to the White Boys. The more the tail was pulled back, the more the ram-cat tried to go forward; at length, when he had, as he conceived, made his possession quite secure, main force convinced him to the contrary, and that if he kept his hold, he must lose his tail. So he was dragged backward to the proctor's loins, grappling at every pull, and bringing away, here and there, strips of the proctor's skin, to prove the pertinacity of his defence. When the ram-cat had got down to the loins, he was once more placed at the shoulders, and again *carded* the proctor (*toties quies*) according to his sentence.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

A DOG-GREL OFFENDER.—A shabby fine gemman, named Foreman, who is a professional poet and singer wot travels about the country with a musical wife and two young *Paganini's* in a cart drawn by two dogs, was on Thursday charged at Union-Hall with upsetting a cat's-meatman's cart, also drawn by a dog, by driving against it, thereby spilling the cat's meat in the gutter, to the infinite delight of all the dogs in the neighborhood, who came to partake of the feast which was thus unexpectedly provided for them. Foreman said he had been keeping his younger son's birth-day, and was rather *sprung*. He had been to make a call on the Marquess of Downshire, at the West End, and said the occurrence was purely accidental. He was ordered to pay five shillings for the damage done.

A great deal has been said of the prodigality of Mr. Watson Taylor's silver fire shovel, tongs, and poker: but at Burleigh, and many other noble houses, the dogs, (for wood fires,) fenders, &c. are all of fine silver. At Ham House, the bellows, brush handle, fire shovel, tongs, poker, &c. of the room are all silver, exquisitely chased; and at Dunham Massy, in Cheshire, the seat of the Earl of Stamford, the most common utensils in the house are of silver, in consequence of the will of an ancestor, that between 2 and £3000 annually, should be laid out in the purchase of silver plate—*London paper.*

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.—At a late Irish political meeting, distinguished by even more than the ordinary quantum of that Irish deliberation known by the name of club law, an orator descending from the rostrum remarked that they had now "got the apple of discord among them," and consequently that their influence as a body was forever gone. A Paddy standing near, who had just been struck in the face by a missile, picked it up and presented it to the orator with the following remark—"An apple, was it! A *tatie*, by the powers, and a wopper of its size—bad luck to the thrower!"

BYRON'S HORSEMANSHIP.

His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of cavesons, martingales, and Heaven knows how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was a *la Hussarde* with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trousers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same color, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves cut in as they used to be, ten or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was any thing but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green tartan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had *pretensions* on this point, though he certainly was what I should call a timid rider.—When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when he came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could [illegible] highly dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it—asked me a thousand questions [illegible] perfect command of it, &c. and entreated, as the greatest favor, that I would resign it as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed to be anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke, (the name of the horse,) and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.—*Countess of Blessington.*

AN INDIANA PICTURE.—[The Literary Gazette quotes Mr. *Ferrall*, a new English traveller, with a proper commentary.]—The following is something in Mrs. Trollope's manner. But, after all, the pith of these matters lies more in the names or titles given to the parties than in the degraded state of the people. Call some of our lower orders counsellors, majors, judges, and colonels,—and you will have similar pictures of brutality.

"One day while getting our horse fed at a tavern in Indiana, the following conversation took place between the persons there assembled. We were sitting at the door, surrounded by captains, lawyers and squires, when one of the gentlemen demanded of another if there had not been a "gouging scrape" at the colonel's tavern the evening before? He replied in the affirmative; and after having related the cause of the quarrel, and said that the lie had been given, he continued—"the judge knocked the major right over, and jumped on him in double quick time—they had it rough and tumble for about ten minutes—Lord J—s Alm—y!—as pretty a scrape as ever you *see'd*—the judge is a wonderful lovely fellow." Then followed a description of the divers punishments inflicted by the combatants on each other: the major had his eye nearly gouged out, and the judge his chin almost bitten off. During the recital, the whole party was convulsed with laughter, in which we joined most heartily."

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.—An interesting narrative will shortly be published of the landing in the South of France of the Duchess de Berri, and her perilous journey to La Vandee. On finding herself chased by a Government cruizer, her royal Highness determined to land. She was about to jump into a fishing-boat, into which three of her companions had already descended, when, owing to a swell, she fell into the sea, and was only saved by being dragged out by the hair. It was in this state that she effected her landing, and had to walk nine miles before she could reach a miserable hut, where she spent the night. The next day a messenger apprized her of the unsuccessful rising at Marseilles, the turn of which she was awaiting within a few miles. She immediately resolved to throw herself into La Vendee. On her chief adviser remonstrating on so desperate a plan, she nobly exclaimed, "J'y march; les Bourbons n'ont que trop souvent quitte le sel Francais!" The following night she spent in the woods. In one large town a friend who was disguised as her servant, was sent to buy her something, and was recognised by a gentleman, who immediately discovered the personage he was with, and zealously assisted in favoring her progress. At a chateau where she stopped, and was enthusiastically admitted, the village parson, on entering the drawing room, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, comme cette Dame resemble a la bonne Duchesse!" He was, however, made to believe that she was a cousin of the family. At another house she was holding a newspaper in her hand, when a visiter came up and asked what news of the Carlo Alberto and Madame? She quietly read him a violent article against herself and friends. She went through another large town dressed as a groom, and standing behind her carriage. They are after her now, and maintain that she is the Bocage, and seen lately crossing a rivulet on horseback.—*London Sun.*

The Assize Ball at Exeter, which usually boasts an assemblage of 4 or 500 persons, was last week, owing to the prevalence of the Cholera, attended by only *thirteen*, who, on ascertaining their exact number, were seized with alarm, and immediately separated, in obedience to the old law, which declares that of such a party the whole of the members never outlive the year.

The first annual meeting of the Political Union of Wolverhampton took place on Thursday last. Sir C. Wolseley excused himself on account of the Cholera Morbus being in the neighborhood, an excuse which created much laughter.

A BRAVE MAN.—Two tars, fresh from the salt seas, and a little boozy withal, entered Westminster Abbey, and rolling from place to place, at length came to the tomb of Lord Nelson. "Avast, Joe," said one, looking on the inscription with a comical sorrow, "Here's the last port Nelson ever made."

"I don't believe that, Tom," replied the other, "he's gone aloft."

"You don't think he's got into heaven, do you?"

"Do I?" returned Tom, rolling his quid about fiercely, "*who is going to stop him when he wants to go?*"

A CHANCE FOR SPINSTERS.—A correspondent has sent us the following copy of an amusing handbill, issued by a laborer, as an inducement to some blushing damsel beyond a certain age, to take him "for better for worse:"—A Bill for a Wife: Matrimony.—Charles Warren, Marnhull, Dorset. My family is as follows: the eldest boy is 13 years old, the youngest boy 5 years old, and a girl 8 years old. My house is my own, and I have no rent to pay. I have an acre of potatoes, half blues and half whites, this year. My wife has been dead 12 months ago, last Shroton Fair. The children live with themselves in the day-time, but I am always at home with them at night. I do think that it would be better if there was a woman to look after them, both for the children and myself. I have got 8s. a-week for my work, and the boy 2s. a-week, and constant employ. I want a good steady woman, between 30 and 40 years old, for a wife. I do not want a second family. I want a woman to look after the pigs while I am out to work. July, 1832."—*Dorset Co. Chronicle.*

ELOPEMENT AT RAMSGATE.—An occurrence at Ramsgate, on Saturday week, gave rise to much conversation among all to whom the circumstance became known. A lady and gentleman arrived at the Crown Hotel, in a postchaise from Margate, and ordered dinner to be prepared. The gentleman represented the lady to be his wife, and informed the landlady that it was their intention to proceed to Dunkirk by the Royal George steam-packet, which started that morning at 11 o'clock, and the gentleman seated himself in the coffee-room where he was smoking a segar, when an individual, who proved to be the "injured husband," entered, and under the influence of strongly excited feelings, demanded if a couple whose appearance he described, were then staying at the hotel. He was answered in the affirmative [illegible] apartment of the lady, who, he lamented to say was his wife, and had eloped that day from Margate. The consternation of his faithless partner on beholding her husband can scarcely be conceived. After she had been keenly reproached by him for destroying his domestic bliss, she consented, at his request to leave the town, and a chaise having been obtained, the husband and wife departed in company for Margate. In the meanwhile the Lothario disappeared, neglecting to take with him a handsome travelling-cloak and a curiously formed knife, which seemed calculated for any desperate purpose. At an early hour on Sunday morning the gallant returned to the hotel, and took away his cloak, apparently very dejected at the "untoward" event of the preceding evening. His exterior was highly fashionable, as was also that of the lady, who appeared to have scarcely passed her *premiere jeunesse.*

FEMALE HEROISM.

On Monday last, about the hour of 12 o'clock, the daughter of a poor farmer, named Quinlan, residing near Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, was aroused by a loud rapping at the door, and on inquiring who was there, she was answered, "particular friends of your father," and in turn was interrogated as to whether he was at home, as they wanted to see him. The girl lighted a candle, and on opening the door, a huge athletic man rushed in and levelled a blunderbuss at her father, who lay in bed, but fortunately it did not go off. The fellow immediately commenced adjusting the priming, on which the young girl seized a metal pot, and gave him such a blow on the head as levelled him to the ground! At this moment another villain rushed in, with a case of pistols in his hands, one of which he presented and snapped at the old man, but it also missed fire. By this time Quinlan had arisen from bed, and seizing an iron instrument used in cutting turf, he inflicted such a blow on the second fellow as laid him prostrate. The young girl did not remain idle, for the instant the first villain was down, she followed up the blow, until she completely disabled him; and the father and daughter ultimately succeeded in disarming both of them, and they are now in Bridewell of Mitchelstown. It seems that they are from a distant part of the county of Limerick, and were hired for the purpose of murdering Quinlan, whose only offence was that of having paid his tithe money, amounting to five shillings, in May last. It also appeared on investigation, that the villains were intoxicated, otherwise it is probable they would have succeeded in their murderous design on the life of this poor man. The conduct of the daughter was most heroic and praiseworthy, and is deserving of some substantial mark of approbation.—*Cork Constitution.*

A physician going down Regent-st. with a friend of his, said to him, "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left; she knows me again, and casts upon me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." "Ah, I understand—you had the misfortune to dispatch him." "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."—*The Parrot.*

A twofold suicide through love has just been committed at Marseilles. A young dress-maker, of extraordinary beauty, had formed an intimacy with a journeyman joiner, but the family of the latter objected to their union. They resolved, therefore, to put an end to their existence by suffocating themselves with charcoal. They were found lifeless, clasped in each other's arms, and wearing more elegant dresses than they were known to possess.

DEATH OF THE KING OF THE GIPSIES.—Died, in a tent on our race ground, on Wednesday, the venerable Charles Lee, denominated the "King of the Gipsies." The age of this monarch of the murky tribe was not correctly known; they called him 74, but it is conjectured he was much older. He has left about fifty children and grand children behind him. He was interred in St. Ann's churchyard yesterday afternoon, followed by ten of his relatives, the rest of the family being absent at the different fairs, races, &c. in the presence of at least 1000 spectators who had from curiosity been attracted to the churchyard, to witness the funeral of so exalted a character.—*Lewis Paper.*

BOARDS OF HEALTH.—A carpenter's wife at Huddersfield, being informed that Boards of Health were necessary to preserve the public from Cholera, she went and asked the doctor what *wood* they were made of, that her husband might make his own.—*Leeds Intel.*

There was a precious row in Stepney churchyard on Thursday morning. An old lady, who dealt in fish, died of the Cholera at four o'clock in the morning, and was buried at ten. The mobocracy took it into their heads that she was buried alive, and, in spite of the authorities, opened the coffin, and found the poor creature as quiet as her best friends might desire; she was, in fact, dead as the fish in which she was wont to deal. Notwithstanding this discovery, the rioters threatened to pull the person's house down about his ears, and would have done it but for the interference of the police, who drove them from the burial ground.

RECRUITING FOR DON PEDRO'S ARMY.—Since Monday, (says a correspondent,) the agents for Don Pedro have been actively employed in obtaining recruits for his army. Some hundreds have already enrolled themselves. They will receive 1s. 6d. daily till they can be sent to Oporto, and when embarked they are to have £2 10s. per month, besides provisions.

Count Mahon being once asked by the Pope if he understood French—"Yes, please your Holiness," answered the honest Hibernian, "if it were spoken in *Irish!*"

Stephen Girard, the celebrated banker, died on *St. Stephen's* day, his coffin, was made by *Stephen* Coombs, and his life written by *Stephen* Simpson.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Foreign and Domestic.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—In order to cut a figure as a grouse shooter it is far from sufficient to "knock 'em down when they get up," though this talent is by no means to be despised; it is requisite for a man to possess, in addition to it, a knowledge of the habits of grouse, that he may be able to lay down a skilful plan of each day's operations, and to select those parts of his beat on which the greatest number of birds are to be met with. During showery and stormy weather don't ascend too high, but beat the lee sides of the hills, and such places as are exposed to the sun's rays when he chances to shine. But it is useless to turn out during such weather, as the packs, instead of spreading to feed, congregate together in *unlikely* places, rise before [illegible] your dogs will prove of little service to you,

As grouse generally fly down wind when disturbed, it will be best to refrain from shooting near the lee boundary of your beat, that you may not drive your birds to be slaughtered by your neighbour, or at least be prevented from following them without the risk of having the contents of your bag taken from you, under the new Game Act. Grouse are wilder in the morning than in the afternoon; therefore, take out a brace of your steadiest dogs, and make them range close, by turning and walking directly from them when they get out of bounds. This plan you will find to be infinitely more efficacious than whistling or bawling. When a dog points, don't walk up to him, like a "London gentleman," to have the pleasure of kicking him on if over timid, and give the old cock an opportunity of running away with all his family; but head the pack by describing a large circle, and when you have them between you and the dog, walk straight upon them. I will answer for it, they will lie close enough. By doing this, you will, in all probability, disperse the pack, and be able to shoot the old gentleman, and also the old lady too, should you feel disposed to act in so ungallant and unsportsman-like a manner. Papa and mamma being safe in the bag, you will have little difficulty in destroying the rest of the family. Look sharp as you walk round to see if you can spy the old fellow stealing off. Should you get a glipse of his head without shot, I fear you will be tempted to murder him on the ground. Many gentlemen, who, in point of fact, would not hesitate a moment in firing into the middle of a pack on the ground, will say this is unsportsman-like advice; but so much depends on the old cock's being out of the way that, *were I in want of game*, I would no more hesitate in shooting him when *running away* than I would in firing at a ptarmigan on a rock, or a capercailzie on the branch of a tree, should it ever be my good fortune to get sight of one.

Yours, &c.

AN OLD SALMON FISHER.

August 21, 1832.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.—The Goodwood Cup of this year (which was run for on Thursday) is an exquisite thing of its kind. In fact, as a piece of modelling in metal, *after actual nature*, we know of nothing *modern* that is equal to it. It consists of a group of brood mares and foals, disposed in a variety of positions, round the stem of an oak tree, the outspread branches of which form the support of the cup,—which latter is a polished bowl of a Grecian shape, embraced and ornamented by the rich foliage of the oak. The animal portion of the design is, as we have said, exquisitely done, and is, with one trifling exception, almost faultless. The spirit and character of the foals are capital; and the whole group and its appendages form a design perfectly original and appropriate. The work is in dead silver, with the exception of the bowl, which is polished. The main design is supported on a massive pedestal, engraved with appropriate inscriptions.

AN IMPERIAL HUNTRESS.—Previously to the return of Don Pedro from the Brazils, the Empress was to be met frequently in different parts thereof in her sporting attire, and with all the paraphernalia of the sports of the field; or, to use the Great Bard's style—

"Caparisoned, mounted for warrior deed."

When last seen in this costume, she was on a fine horse, which she rode *en cavalier*, disdaining the side-saddle, and was flanked by servants on either hand, bearing fowling-pieces, and surrounded by her dogs. Her hat was richly surmounted with ostrich feathers; her *palefreniers* were highly laced; but still the whole turn-out was that of Imperial Majesty *incog.* Her manners were affable, and she saluted those passing with condescension, and strangers with an increased degree thereof.

SPORTING LEAP.—Sept 40th, to decide a bet with a brother officer, Mr Bowyer, of the 14th (King's Light Dragoons, rode a favorite horse over a fence six feet two inches high, near Gloucester. The conditions were, that if the hurdle was either broken or knocked down, the bet should be lost. The leap, however, was accomplished in the most gallant style, in the presence of a large field of sporting gentlemen in the neighborhood.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The tie between Mr. Bloodsworth and Mr. O. was shot off at the inclosure at the Red House, Battersea, on Wednesday, and excited an extraordinary degree of attention and much speculation. The number of birds to be shot at was 30 on each side, and up to the 23d bird, it was a tie; ultimately Mr. Bloodsworth won by killing 25 birds, while Mr. O. killed but 22. The birds were decidedly the best shot at this season. The matches between these gentlemen exhibit extraordinary skill. In the first, to 30 birds, which was a tie; each shot 28 birds. In the second, at 28 birds, Mr. B. killed 25 and Mr. O. 22. In two bye-birds each, all the birds were killed. In the gross total of 90 birds, Mr. Bloodsworth killed 80 birds, and Mr. O. 75. A match has been proposed between the same parties, to come off in the Spring, on the same ground, for 500*l.* or 1000*l.* which the friends of Mr. B. are prepared to make.

TROTTING MATCH.—Some time back a match was made for 50 sovereigns aside between Mr. James Brumby, of Scotton, owner of the horse Grey Salles, and Mr. Robert Atkinson, owner of the horse Mousetrap, to trot ten miles, which came off on Friday morning week on the Lincoln and Newark road. At a very early hour persons on foot and horseback were observed approaching to the scene of action, and it was calculated there could be no less than 3000 persons on the road. After the horses started, Grey Salles took the lead, and maintained it. The rider of Mousetrap, finding he had no chance of winning, wisely pulled his horse in, and at the end of the match was two miles behind. Grey Salles performed the distance in 36 minutes.

GOOD LEAPING.—A horse, the property of Mr. Thomas Robinson, of Sallymount, Ireland, jumped a cut twelve feet wide last week, for a considerable wager. He was ridden in sportsmanlike style by Mr. Crookshank.

PONY CHALLENGE.—William Ross, commonly called Master of the Rolls, Liverpool, has a pony eleven hands and a half high, which he will back for 20*l.* or 50*l.* to gallop with any other pony, carrying weight for inches, the same distance, beginning at the same weight.

DONCASTER RACES.—The preparation for the approaching races has already commenced, and in the course of a few days will be in full operation. This year the north country horses present a remarkably conspicuous figure in the Derby race.

Egham Races take place on Tuesday next and the two following days; and there is every reason to believe that the sport will be [illegible] good. To render them still more attractive, their [illegible] sent each day.

ARCHERY.—The first meeting of the Royal British Bowmen, for this year, was held at Fradoc, the seat of the Hon. T. Kenyon, on the 10th of August. The hat and feathers, which confer the distinction of Lady Patroness for the year, were won by Mrs. Lloyd, of Rhaggatt.

Monday night at Huddersfield, a man of color named G. Edwards, undertook the arduous task of running 15 miles in two hours, having at the same time to trundle a coach wheel weighing six stone. He accomplished the feat a few minutes within the time, on a piece of hilly ground between the infirmary and Egerton Hill, from the hours of six to eight o'clock. His only remuneration was what his wife and himself could collect from the spectators on the road, who must have amounted to some thousands.—*Leeds Intel.*

THE CHASE.

The Montreal Fox Hounds threw off yesterday in the neighborhood of the kennel; but from the abundance of game, were unfortunately soon scattered upon no less than three different foxes, which were frequently viewed by the select, though not very numerous field. It of course became necessary to collect the hounds; and the "hark to horn, hark," and the reverberating lash of the whippers-in, quickly brought them together. The powers of the pack being now united upon one object, the devoted fox could not go it long, and the skulker took to earth. This was no place of refuge—a pickaxe and shovel were in quick requisition, and Reynard being safely bagged, was carried into open ground—and a fair start being given, the chase re-commenced. Who can now describe what followed? "Yoiks, yho! ho, yhoi!" For fifteen minutes, he gallantly led the way over long grass fields, making again for his old haunt, the hounds not five yards from his brush—ha, and at him, Juno; his fate was sealed—and he died the death. Who, ho hoop!—*Gazette, 4th inst.*

THE DOG AND THE RACCOON.

A FABLE.

MR. EDITOR: *Little Rock, Aug. 20, 1832.*

In one of the numbers of your Sporting Magazine, you mention some well authenticated facts of Captain Martin Scott's skill in the use of fire-arms; an anecdote which I have heard in connection with the same circumstances, which though *improbable*, is so much to the point that I had been tempted to send it to you.

"When the old rifle regiment was stationed at Fort Smith, (on the Arkansas,) under the command of Major Bradford, Captain S., then Lieut. S. was stationed at that post. He was, perhaps, a better shot at that time than he has ever been since, for since then he has received an injury in his right arm. I well know that it was very common for him at that time, in a misty day, to set on the upper gallery or stoop of his quarters and shoot the common chimney swallow on the wing, with as unerring certainty as one of our backwoodsman would hit the paper on a target at sixty yards at a beef shooting. At the same post was another officer, a Lieut. Van Swearengen, (I believe,) who, though much addicted to the pleasure of hunting, was a notoriously bad shot. It appears that a dog had treed a raccoon in a very tall cotton wood, and after barking loud and long to no purpose, the coon expostulated with him, and endeavored to convince him of the absurdity of spending his time and labor at the foot of the tree, and assured him that he had not the most distant idea of coming down the tree, and begs him as a fellow-creature to leave him to the enjoyment of his rights. The dog replied naturally, but I fear not, in the same conciliatory style of the coon, but threatened him with the advent of some one that would bring him down. At this moment a cracking in the cane indicated the approach of some individual; the coon asked the dog who it was? The dog replied with some exultation, that it was Lieut. Van Swearengen—the coon laughed, and he laughed with a strong expression of scorn about his mouth: "Lieut. Van Swearengen, indeed, he may shoot and be d—nd." Van Swearengen, made five or six ineffectual shots, and left the coon, to the great discomfiture of the dog, still unscathed, and laughing on the top of the tree. The dog smothered his chagrin by barking louder and louder, and the coon laughed louder and louder, until the merriment of the one, and the mortification of the other, was arrested by the approach of some other person. The coon inquired who it was, the dog answered that it was Scott:—who? asked the coon, evidently agitated! why, Martin Scott, by G—d. The coon cried in the anguish of despair, that he was *a gone coon*; rolled up the white of his eyes, folded his paws on his breast, and tumbled out of the tree at the mercy of the dog, without making the least struggle for that life which he had, but a few minutes before, so vauntingly declared and believed was in no kind of danger.

AN ARKANSAS HUNTER.

Moral.—There is no *elevation* in this life that will justify us in an unbecoming levity towards our *inferiors*. *Sporting Magazine.*

FOX-HUNTING,

ITS PLEASURES AND ITS USES, WITH ANECDOTES OF MEN, HORSES, AND HOUNDS.

"The Chase I sing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the opening of Somerville's beautiful poem on the *Chase*, every word of which might well be inserted in your Magazine, were it not that it would occupy more space than you seem willing to grant from the too much favored subject of *horses! horses! horses!*

Of FOX-HUNTING, as a field sport, its delights and its utility, who can doubt? In the first place it implies *early rising*; the habit which of all others, distinguishes long-lived people. Lord Mansfield, after examining a grey-headed old man, on the establishment of an ancient boundary, and seeing him evidently enjoying a green old age, inquired as to his *habits of life?* May it please your lordship, said the witness, it has been my invariable practice through life to *rise at the peep o' day*, and have always been exclusively a *water drinker*. This answer much gratified the Judge, as it gave him a fine chance to expatiate on the good effects of *habitual temperance*. Another witness, equally old in appearance, and equally vigorous in health, having gone through his examination, was in like manner interrogated, but contrary to his lordship's anticipation, answered that for forty years he had *never gone to bed sober*—but, like his fellow octogenarian, he too had all his life risen at the *crowing of the cock!* So is it with the genuine foxhunter, he can't lie quiet in his bed; he is constantly on the *qui vive*, night, to his impatience seems to have no end—

"————Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice, alarm the pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers."

The annals of the chase would afford many instances of its votaries [illegible] in the full vigor of health; you need not leave your own city, for an example of one, (Mr. Oliver,) who, when in the most extensive and profitable business; his ships on every ocean, his flag in every breeze; found time to keep, and regularly follow, the largest and best appointed pack in the country, at his own expense, and who now, at seventy, when the fox is "off" to many young men can give the "bag to hold."

Many others might be mentioned, remarkable for their great age and attachment to the chase—in the year 1744, George Kinton, Esq. of Oxnop Hall, Yorkshire, in his *hundred and twenty-fifth year*, after following the hounds till *eighty*, from that period, till he was *one hundred*, he regularly attended the unkennelling the fox, in his single horse chaise; and no man, till within ten years of his death, made more free with the bottle.

In 1809, died, in Quay-street, Whitehaven, William Woodburn, well known by the appellation of the huntsman, of three kingdoms, from the circumstance of his pack being composed of English, Scotch and Irish hounds, with which, in one season, he killed *one hundred and forty-seven* hares, without either changing, losing, or having one of them torn by the dogs. He was a native of London, and, at the time of his death, wanted only two months, to complete his hundredth year. Of course, he lived only in two centuries, yet he was a subject of four reigns. Though in a very enfeebled state, for some years before he went to earth, he continued to walk out, and his faculties were so little injured, that he could, almost to the last, recollect many remarkable instances of success in his profession, of which he delighted to talk: answering to the portrait of the old sportsman in "The Chase"—

"What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shattered frame, undaunted still
Fix'd as the mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove! though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
Pleased with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight."

And as for the *music* of a pack in full cry, lives there a man insensible to its enrapturing influence?

"Oh bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where none but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deigns to dwell."

To prove that the notes of hounds in the eagerness of the chase, have an overpowering effect even upon *horses*, this incident which happened in the year 1807, is related:—As the Liverpool mail coach was changing horses, at the Inn Monk's Heath, between Congleton in Cheshire, and Newcastle-under-line, the horses, which had performed the stage from Congleton, having been just taken off, and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chase until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until Reynard ran to earth, in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses, were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening.

How often, Mr. Editor, has your own noble old hunter, *Tally-ho*, reminded me of the following lines; and how highly would you not value a faithful portrait of him taken at the moment of standing, after a sudden loss, with his head elevated and his ears erect, he catches the first sound of the pack in the distance and trembles in every joint with impatience to regain the line of chase.

"My courser hears their voice, see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in every vein."

To England we are indebted for the best hounds as well as horses; and if half as much pains had been taken to keep pure and improve the breed of the former, as of the latter, we should have an Actor for an Archy, a Blue Cap for a Bertrand, a Blue Bell for a Black Maria, a Crowner for a Crusader, a Fleecer for a Flying Dutchman, a Heedful for a Hugo, &c. &c. as celebrated in hunting annals as their more honored cotemporaries in the annals of the turf.

But the early rising it begets and the healthful exercise of the mind and body that belongs to foxhunting are not its only recommendations over field sports; and especially over the sports of the turf. Its pleasures may be commanded so much more frequently; the excitement is as intense, and moreover lasts so much longer, and another, by no means the least of its advantages, is that the interest it excites is not, as the case is with many, one of *painful anxiety!* since it is unaccompanied with pecuniary hazard, and begets no *spirit of gaming*. Even the indulgence in free living with which it is followed by opulent *bon vivants* in England does not occur in our country.

If to be sure, after a long run, a good Susquehannah canvass back, with a glass of old Fauquier should come in the way, about four o'clock, where is the fool that would turn his back on them?

But as I have perhaps *over-run* the space you are willing to allow my pen, like hounds at fault must be *lifted*; yet as my game is far from being run down, or *run into*, in your next we will *cast* and *recover*, in the mean time, I am yours,

B. TOPTHORN.

FIELD SPORTS IN CANADA.

DEER HUNTING.

At the head of our quadruped game is the deer. He is larger than the fallow-deer of England; and his horns, we would say, are twined the wrong way, and are differently shaped from the deer of Europe. They are found in great abundance in every part of the Province. Deer-stalking is much practised; but to practise it with success you must be acquainted with the topography of the neighborhood, and know the saltlicks and other haunts. Another way is to let a canoe or raft float down a stream, during the midsummer night, with a bright light upon it.—This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, who is fond of standing in the water when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manoeuvre be skilfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him—so near, indeed, will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances known of his having been killed with a fish-spear. The most certain and deadly mode of proceeding, however is to send your dogs into the woods, some miles from the banks of a lake or great river, and "hark down" on the scent, when he will be sure to run for the water, where you can knock him on the head from a boat or canoe. But even in this defenceless position you must not approach him rashly, for he gives [illegible] with the sharp hoofs of his fore feet he has been known to deal such a blow as has separated the muscle from the bone of a man's leg. You must therefore, either shoot him, knock him on the head, drown him, by holding down his head with an oar, or seize hold of him by the scut, and make him tow the boat until he is exhausted and can be mastered.

In deer stalking, and, indeed, all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out, that is, bivouac in the woods.—This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets as the next way to the other world, but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods, punk, that is, German tinder (a fungous excrescence of the maple) and a flint; with this and the back of his knife a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown, or swung round the head until it blazes; and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry over head nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather-tight. And, in winter, this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow upon the walls, to exclude the wind.

BEAR HUNTING.

When a bear runs away with one of your pigs, there is no use in going after him, hallooing, without a gun. You may scare him away from the mutilated carcase, but it will make but indifferent pork, since, not being bred in Leadenhall or Whitechapel, he has but a slovenly way of slaughtering; but trace to where he has dragged it, and near sunset let yourself and friend hide yourselves within easy distance, and he will be certain to come for his supper, which, like all sensible animals, he prefers to every other meal. Nay, it is highly probable, if he possesses the gallantry a well-bred bear ought to have, he will bring Mrs. Bruin and all the children along with him, and you can transact business with the whole family at once.

In hunting the bear, take all the curs in the village along with you. Game-dogs are useless for this purpose; for, unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces, or hugged to death, for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree,* where he can be shot. The bear of Canada is seldom dangerous. He is always ready to enter into a treaty, similar to what my Lord Brougham negotiated lately with Lord Londonderry, namely, let-be for let-be; but if wounded he is dangerous in the extreme. You should always, therefore, hunt him in couples, and have a shot in reserve, or a good cudgel, ready to apply to the root of his nose, where he is as vulnerable as Achilles was in the heel. Some ludicrous stories are told of bear-hunting, for Bruin is rather a humorist in his way. A friend of mine, with his surveying party, ten men in all, once treed a very large one; they immediately cut clubs and set to work to fell the tree. Bruin seemed inclined to maintain his position, till the tree began to lean, when he slid down to about fifteen feet from the ground and then clasped his forepaws over his head and let himself tumble amongst them. Every club was raised, but Bruin was on the alert; he made a charge, upset the man immediately in front, and escaped with two or three thumps on the rump, which he valued not one pin.—*Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada.*

* "Tree-to" an American verb-active, signifying to make an animal take to a tree."

EW-YORK.

Stores. | Amusements, &c. | Miscellaneous.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

PEALE'S MUSEUM

THE COURT OF DEATH.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN.

OCEAN HOUSE.

THE SERAPHINE.

WATERING PLACE.

L. I. COHEN.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

CAUTION.

TO BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, [illegible]

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A. COX, JR.

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ADVENTURE
OF AN ENGLISH MIDSHIPMAN IN CONNECTICUT.

At the conclusion of the last war with England, most of the officers of the fleet that lay off New London, blockading the port, were invited ashore to receive the hospitality and attention of the citizens. Among the number was a young midshipman, the son of a wealthy nobleman and the heir apparent to an Earldom, who in the first place hired a sleigh and horses and drove about the neighborhood at a furious rate, notwithstanding the snow had almost disappeared from the ground. He found in the end but little amusement in this, and calculating that there must be, as a matter of course, abundance of game in a country where the people were but partially civilized, he dismissed the sleigh and having provided himself with the necessary equipments, started off upon a shooting expedition. He traversed wood and field, swamp and hill, but all to no purpose. Nothing met his eye but a few piratical crows, whose sagacity at once told them that to allow the stranger's advance might be sport to HIM, but would be death to THEM.

His patience became at last exhausted, and seeing a young colt prancing about a field not far from a farmer's yard, he took deliberate aim, drew trigger, and shot him dead.—Having done the deed, and scorning to be guilty of a mean or dishonest action, he marched up to the farmers house under a pretence of getting some water to drink, and after quenching his thirst, enquired of the farmer what he would take for that colt that he saw in his field. The old man replied that he did not wish to sell it, as it belonged to his wife, to whom he had presented it on its birth; and was beside, the only one of a peculiar and valuable breed. They accordingly proceeded to the kitchen where they found the old lady, to whom they made known the object of their call. Before the bargain was completed, one of the children came running in and cried out "that the colt was dead, and somebody had killed it, for it was all bloody." This at once brought matters to a crisis—the man looked as black as a thunder cloud—the old lady almost had a fit—and our hero—he looked as if he would rather have stood the broadside of a French seventy-four. There was, however, no alternative but to pull out his purse, and offer the old lady a fair and liberal compensation for the loss of her colt. The sight of his gold chased away the angry storm from the old man's brow, and restored the old lady to her senses; and my Lord John ——, having deposited 20 guineas in her lap, shouldered his piece and returned to New London, with a solemn resolution never to suffer his folly to involve him in another such scrape.

Boston Daily Atlas.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The following extract of a letter from the north-east frontier of British India, gives a good account of a day passed in hunting the rhinoceros, during the late Nepaul war.

"On a late occasion, our huntsmen, whom we have dispersed in all directions, brought us information of a herd of seven or eight rhinoceroses having taken up their abode near Hurdeen. We despatched our elephants, seven in number, and shooting apparatus, &c. without delay, and followed ourselves on horseback. On reaching the spot, we found that either side of the lake, for about one hundred yards, was clothed with glorious jungle for every animal of the savage kind. Rattan, wild rose bushes, and the reeds interwoven, formed a cover of nearly ten feet high.—This, then, we began forthwith to beat; each of our party, four in number, having an elephant with howdahs, the other three elephants carrying pads, and a few servants only. We had seventeen guns, most of them double barrelled, and five of the latter kind four-ounce rifles.

Soon after we entered the jungle, the piping of the elephants and the fresh prints of the rhinoceroses' feet, proved that the huntsmen were not mistaken; and, indeed, in less than an hour, we started two young ones, about the size of a full-grown nilghau, and not unlike that animal in color. The first fire killed one, and wounded the other severely, which, nothwithstanding, went off at a smart elk trot, and howling in a most hideous manner. The sound was infinitely greater, but the tone reminded me of such music as I had oft heard on the sod at wakes and funerals.—The old ones soon collected around us by the cries; and three males, of monstrous size and frightful appearance, charged our line with daring impetuosity. Two of our elephants giving way, received the charge on the hinder parts, and were instantly upset; those that stood fronting the charge were not knocked down, but staggered several yards by the shock. Unfortunately, mine was the only howdah elephant that gave way, and you may believe my situation was by no means laughable. The elephant often attempted to rise, but so often did the rhinoceros lay him flat again, and at length with such force, that I was thrown several yards into the lake, in a state of utter stupefaction; but luckily falling on some willows, they supported and saved me from drowning. I was not sorry, on recovering, to find myself out of the howdah; for while in it, destruction appeared inevitable, either by the horn of the furious enemy, the rolling over of the elephant, or what was as likely as any, by my companions' shot, who, despairing of my escape, fired many times. Their balls struck the monster's body in several places, without producing any evident effect, though from the four-ouncer before mentioned. At last a lucky shot knocked a large flake from his horn, and caused a pleasing change in his conduct; for he walked *Spanish* directly afterwards, tearing through the thicket with astonishing force, at a beautiful Mahratta canter. We traced his footsteps for some miles, when being convinced that he had taken to the forest, we returned to look for the others, determined to search again for him on a future day.—On our way back, we found the young one that we had wounded in the morning, dead. 'Twas now past one, P. M. and we had nearly given up all hopes of finding the others. However, on rounding the north end of the lake, we roused them again, and after a chase of more than three hours, killed two, a male and a female. They were not so bold now as we expected to find them, and seemed to have lost their courage with their leader, to whom they were very inferior in size; but still their dimensions astonished us not a little. The largest was above six feet in height, and stronger in proportion than any elephant I ever saw. No elephants but males of known courage ought to be employed in this desperate chase."

TIGER FIGHT.

In India, tiger fights are by no means unfrequent. A square of fifty feet is fenced off with bamboo lattice work, several feet high, in order to prevent the animal from leaping among the people, which has sometimes been the case. The tiger is placed in a cage on one side of the square, and an immense crowd of spectators usually assemble outside the fence, impatiently waiting for the fight. Upon a given signal, the tiger is driven into the arena by fireworks. In a combat of this sort described by a recent traveller, a buffalo was first let in against the tiger; both animals appeared equally reluctant to engage, and watched each other most attentively. The tiger was again compelled to move by the fireworks, and the buffalo advanced two or three steps, on which the tiger again crouched. A dog was next thrown in, but the tiger seemed unwilling to attack even him. An elephant was next sent into the square, when the tiger retreating, uttered a cry of terror, and in despair attempted to leap over the fence, but failed. The elephant approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees upon the tiger, but he avoided this danger. The elephant in his turn became alarmed, and no exertion of his rider could induce him to repeat the attack; but advancing to the gate, he soon made a passage through it, to the terror of the spectators. The poor tiger, however, lay panting on the ground, without attempting to profit by the opportunity to escape. A second elephant was now turned in, but he proved as unsuccessful as the former one. The tiger at length, facing his adversary, sprung upon his forehead, where he clung for some seconds, till the elephant, collecting all his might, with one violent jerk dashed him to the ground, where he lay unable to rise. The conqueror was satisfied with his victory, and turning quickly round, he rushed towards the fence with his tusks lifted up, and raised the whole frame work, together with some persons who had climbed upon it. A scene of terror and confusion now followed not to be described; the elephant, however, made his way through without injuring any person, and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow him.

City of New-York:
SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 13, 1832.

To our Sporting Friends.

As the Fall Races throughout the country are about commencing, we take this early opportunity to advise our Sporting Friends of our desire to give full and accurate accounts of the Racing over each distinguished Course in the Union. To enable us to do this, we take the liberty to request the Secretaries of Clubs to extend to us the courtesy of Sportsmen, and send us the results of the Racing on their respective Courses, which we shall gladly insert in our columns. The extensive circulation of our paper through the Southern and Western States, makes it an important object with us to notice the results of matches in those States as early as our situation admits. To Secretaries of the various Jockey Clubs, and to Sportsmen in general, we shall feel ourselves much indebted, if they will transmit to us such accounts of the Fall Races, as their opportunities of witnessing them, and their disposition to publish the performances of their horses, will enable them to do.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The endless amusements that checkers the routine of a city existence, have been rife with interest the past week. The first object that engaged us in making our round of pleasures, was the ITALIAN OPERA. The introduction of this company of foreigners was considered as "laying the corner stone" for the permanent establishment of the Operatic choir in New-York, and thus the experiment became a subject of high interest to all our Amateurs and lovers of Italian Music. There has been much praise and great blame bestowed on the performers and the Committee of advisers. We shall prudently refrain from entering into the discussion, but have touched upon some points in our notice of this Troupe in another column. Whatever may be the result of the undertaking, it is no less an object of interest, and is attracting the attention of our citizens, and giving rise to discussions that tend to keep it in the public eye, and make Richmond Hill quite the most crowded house in the city. All wish to see those "black-eyed Choristers," and hear a language that falls upon the ear like "melody sweetly played in tune," though but few are enabled to interpret its meaning.

Next comes the RACES. This being entirely an out-door business the "crazy clouds" have well nigh destroyed its exhilirating sport. "From morn till dewy eve," during the whole week he was a luckless wight who was caught without his umbrella: still such is the eager zeal of our real sportsmen that the "dripping skies" were disregarded, and they "scud away" down Long Island, and made the most of it.

Next in order is the FAIR.—Now, gentle reader, you would mistake the character of this entertainment, if you imagined a *New-York Fair* was a mere exhibition of kick-a-shows, made in the millinery of a lady's boudoir, to catch the eye of a tinsel coxcomb, and disencumber him of the dollar he had snugly laid aside to purchase a ticket at the Park. It is a great matter, and altogether worthy the excitement it has created among our fashionables, and the promoters of native talent and native productions. The Masonic Hall was the place of exhibition, and the scene there displayed was calculated to attract throngs of our citizens, and make them proud of our country and its institutions. There you saw fabrics of every hue and quality—wares in every variety of form,—inventions of the most curious workmanship, and specimens of the ten thousands products of our ingenious countrymen from the grand display of a superb Piano, down to the dazzling tint and exquisite finish of a metal Button. Moreover, just imagine a splendid Hall, decorated in the most fanciful manner, strewed with articles that would make one's money start from his pocket to possess, and filled with all the fashion, display and beauty that belong to the fair daughters of our city. It was a scene for the painter as well as the patriot—a scene that embraced in its view the rich productions of our industrious artisans and all the loveliness of our countrywomen.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

We do not sympathise in the interest taken by our political brotherhood in the movements and travelling arrangements of their "great ones," but the pursuits of the gentleman whose name is at the head of this article, are of a character that enlists our best feelings in his behalf, and renders any notice of his wanderings in our Western wilds peculiarly interesting. Mr. IRVING is now on a tour through our frontier settlements in the West, informing himself of the customs and habits of the early settlers, and their red brothers of the forest. From such enterprising researches and made by such a man, we may hope ere long to have presented to us a series of tales that will vie with the *Sketch Book* in elegance and interest. An esteemed Correspondent, residing in Franklin, Missouri, writes us on the 21st ult. as follows:

"*Washington Irving* left here this morning for Boon's Lick, which is fifteen miles from this place. His object is, I have learned, to collect some of the most prominent items with regard to the life and character of Daniel Boon, who was one of the first settlers of this country. I had not an opportunity of conversing with Mr. IRVING, owing to his short stay, although several gentlemen of my acquaintance were introduced to him."

"WHEELBARROWS AND OTHER VEGETABLES."—We find in the National Intelligencer of the 27th ult. that an auction sale of the personal estate of Isaac Overton, deceased, was to take place on the following day, consisting of "A quantity of household furniture,
A colored boy about 15 years of age
A grey mare
And a lot of Cabbages."

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

We give the following as a sample of *the way they do things* in the Literary Emporium, which we gather from our exchange papers. Mr. Pelby, the Manager of the Warren Theatre, and Mr. Field, one of his company, on Wednesday evening last made good their entrance into the Tremont, the old Theatre, without tickets, in spite of the door-keeper, but were advised by Mr. Constable Clapp, in pursuance of the Manager's instructions, to withdraw immediately, which they did after some hesitation.

On the next evening, Mr. Field again presented himself and attempted to go up stairs without a pass, when he was seized and drawn back by the constable. Not satisfied with this, he made another attempt, upon which he was taken into custody by order of a magistrate, and would have been committed to prison but for the interposition of his friends, who promised to take care of him.

If "Big Dick" has a successor, we would advise friends Barrett & Dana to employ him. They never will be troubled, with such a door-keeper, by obstreperous or troublesome visitors. His "double-jointed mawleys" would *do their* business, depend upon it.

FALL RACE—UNION COURSE.

The Races over this distinguished Course commenced on Wednesday. The "ball was opened" with a Match Race, four mile heats, between Virginia Taylor, owned by Mr. Craig, of Virginia, and Miss Matty, owned by Lieut. Stockton. The Course was very heavy and the weather so unpropitious that the spectators were few in comparison with what we have seen on this Course. Still there was no lack of spirit displayed by the numerous friends of these beautiful horses. The Southern Mare was altogether the favorite, so much so, that three to one was bet on her to a large amount. This preference was soon done away with after the first go-off. The heat was well-contested, but the modest Miss Matty won it with ease. It was now evident that Virginia Taylor was greatly distressed, and from the delay upon the call for the second heat it began to be whispered that she would be withdrawn. She, however, soon appeared, and her spirited action re assured her backers, and somewhat dismayed their competitors. They made a beautiful start—the Southern Mare getting the track, and "marking time" most industriously—but the game was up, when she failed in her attempts to take the lead, and Miss Matty beginning "to put in her best work," shot ahead, bidding her rival a most courteous "adieu." The rider of Virginia Taylor, finding in the last mile that she did not *respond* to his incessant *persuasions* to hasten her speed, held her up and walked her off the Course. We heard no cause assigned for her so completely failing to realize the sanguine expectations of her friends; we therefore conclude that Miss Matty's *light heels* was the only annoyance that she had to contend with. In action Miss Matty was thought superior to her rival, and her rider displayed more judgment—but such is the reputation which Southern horses so deservedly enjoy, that even the knowing-ones were astonished by the result.

The race for the purse of $200, two mile heats, did not come off, and was deferred until next day, owing to the state of the Course.

On Thursday morning the rain poured down in such torrents that it seemed impossible to ride a mile without getting a thorough soaking. Very few went down from the city, but we learn from one who was present, that the sport was the most interesting that has been seen for many years. Nine horses started at 2 P. M. for the regular purse of $300, two mile heats, which was won after a close contest by *Jackson*. The first heat Jackson, Ripley and Lara, came together in fine style, and for the second heat Jackson, Lara and Screamer contended. The horses came in as follows:

Jackson	1	1	Screamer	6	3
Lara	3	2	Ripley	2	dis.
Robin Hood	4	4	Angeline	7	do.
Fiorella	5	5	Amanda	8	do.

Spirits, distanced first heat.

TIME—First Heat, [illegible]m 5s.; Second do. 4m 3s.

This was considered very great, with the Course in the situation it was, after the heavy rain.

We shall reserve until next week an account of the races of yesterday, and those that will take place to day, merely remarking that the weather yesterday was delightful, and that a thousand gay equipages were on their way to the Course at an early hour, and the number of spectators was greater than we have seen for many a day.

There was a Sweepstakes for three year old colts, to come off at 11 A. M. for which Mr. Crary had entered Perouetti, Mr. Jones, a chesnut filly, and Mr. Bathgate, Geranium. At 1 P. M. the regular purse of $400 will be run for, three mile heats; on Thursday afternoon, at an early hour, there were entered the following "good 'uns to go:"—Mr. J. Stevens' O'Kelly, Mr. R. L. Stevens' Celeste, and Mr. R. Van Mater's Bussoris. There are congregated on the Island at this time so many fine horses, that we should not be surprised if many others should contend for this purse, when great sport is confidently anticipated by our Sporting friends, who from all sections are thronging our city.

A PRIZE.

A gentleman about a year since, had his watch stolen, and though the offender was known and marked, he never could be found "at home." The loser, however, met him in Laurens street, on Wednesday, driving along at his ease in a gig. He hailed him, but the light-fingered gentleman, was in too *great a hurry* to stop, and eventually succeeded in effecting his escape. In the endeavor to arrest him, made by a number of our citizens, it so happened that he was obliged to abdicate his seat in the gig, which with the horse, fell into the hands of his victorious assailants, to whom he gave *leg bail* for his own appearance. The plunder thus acquired was taken to the Police Office, and by the magistrate committed to the care of the keeper of the Public Yard. Among the "*spoils*" found in the box of the gig, was a leg of mutton and a loaf of bread, from which we infer that he had just returned from a foraging excursion in the *Jarsies*, or was on his way to a "husking bee" up the River, in the vicinity of Sing-Sing.

The NEW-ENGLAND WEEKLY REVIEW comes to us this week very much improved in matter and appearance. It has been enlarged to the mammoth size, and the editors remark that it is now the largest in New-England. We wish the enterprising publishers every success.

EMIGRATION OF OLD MAIDS.—A society of young gentlemen in Connecticut, have adopted an article in their constitution to this effect, "that no member shall be permitted, under any circumstance, to marry an illiterate woman;" and in consequence of this resolution, forty old maids have removed into the western country in despair.

THE OPERA.

During the past week the long anticipated pleasure of again listening to an Italian Opera, has been amply realized by our citizens. It is now some years since the "divine Garcia" enraptured all ears, and created a taste for the enjoyment of this refined luxury. Our community have not forgotten her, and they listened to the first exhibitions of these newly arrived strangers with memories filled with the recollection of her dulcet strains. All will admit that this criterion by which to judge of the excellence of the present performances was severe in the extreme, and it is no small praise to say, that even with all these dangerous comparisons fixed in the minds of every auditor, still the success of their debut was flattering, and has elicited the praises of those in whose taste and judgment we are accustomed to rely.

Much fault has been found with the selection of the first Opera, but in this matter we are not sufficiently *au fait* to decide; yet, the very circumstance of the company's wishing to make their first appearance in an Opera that we had heard so often, was at least indicative of fairness and of the magnanimous resolution to "sink or swim" as their merits were appreciated.

The Band is unquestionably the best ever heard in this city, and the Overtures are given in a style and with a power that has won the applause of every listener.

The Operatics themselves have been variously estimated; but all agree that the male singers have fully redeemed the anticipations which their celebrity had created. We cannot say as much for the female department. Signora STELLA was indisposed, and her debut was very ineffectual, if not a failure. Signora SACCOMANI has been substituted by the Manager in STELLA's part.

On the whole, we think the success of the Opera secured,—but the Manager must bear in mind that to realize those profits which the welfare of his large company demand, he must exert every power, and enlist his full Troupe to compete with our favorites at the Park.

THE TROTTING MATCHES.

It has been a common remark among all weather-wise people, that we have never had a more delightful Autumn. This profound observation was true enough when applied to the season previous to the present week; but as though the heavens had been congregating all the elements of storms and floods for the occasion, we have been actually deluged with an almost incessant rain since Saturday last. Each of our Race Courses being some miles from the city, the severe inclemency of the weather has had the effect to prevent the attendance of that numerous crowd of spectators who usually flock thither to witness these celebrated Races.

Centreville Trotting Course.

On Tuesday the clouds lifted a little, and the [illegible] harness, three mile heats, was the order of the day; and we think we are borne out by the fact, in saying, that this day's trotting was the fastest ever known in this country.

The contending horses were Screwdriver, Comet and Macduff. Each seemed in "ample order," and looked the "goers" in every movement.—Comet appeared the favorite, but Screwdriver's friends were awake, and Macduff's backers were "nothing daunted." They set off at a most killing rate, and it was soon visible who had the foot and the bottom too, for Screwdriver actually distanced Comet and fairly won the heat, having performed the distance of three miles in the extraordinary short space of 8 *minutes and 9 seconds*.

The second heat was spiritedly contested by Macduff and Screwdriver, but there was no withstanding such matchless speed. Screwdriver won the heat in 8 minutes and 11 seconds. There is no mistake in such trotting as this—and our friends in Boston and Philadelphia may "down with their *tens* and their *fifties* till their heads ache," and we can win the "*Kwitles*" with our trotters.

The Pacing Match came off the same day, between the horses Stranger, Bowery Boy and Satisfaction. Stranger is the same kind, meek looking little horse that won the purse last May, and his performance this day showed that he had not suffered his "paces" to degenerate during the summer. He distanced both his competitors, the rider of Satisfaction having dismounted before coming to the Judges' stand to be weighed.

WINTERFIELD RACES.

The races of the Winterfield, Va. Jockey Club commenced on the 29th ult. The following are results, as given by the Secretary, Rev. H. Wooldridge, Esq.

FIRST DAY.—Proprietor's purse, $50, mile heats, entrance $5.

Thomas Graves's f. Malinda	1	1
Wm. L. White's s. c. Yellow Jacket	2	2
G. B. Wooldridge's s. c.		dist

Time, 1st heat, 1m 58—2d, 1m 59s.

It is allowed on all hands that the colt of Mr. Wooldridge, was distanced only on account of the extreme bad management of the starter and rider. The race was a good one, and excited considerable interest, notwithstanding the unfortunate commencement of the sport, and afforded much satisfaction to the numerous spectators.

SECOND DAY.—Jockey Club purse, $100, two mile heats, entrance $10.

Mr. Graves's b. Flag	1	2	2
Col. White's b. h. Maraponi	2	1	1
Col. Johnson's c. h. Red Jacket	3	3	3

Time, 1st heat, 4m—2d 4m 1s—3d, 4m 8s.

Although the track to-day was very deep and sandy, "fun and frolic, flash and fashion," was the order of the day. The weather was fine—the nags in "going" trim, and the concourse that thronged the course, unusually brilliant. Every thing went off well, and though some "filthy lucre" changed hands, all seemed satisfied with the pleasures of the day. The excellent management of the club, deserved and drew forth repeated expressions of thankfulness, for the tact displayed in conducting and superintending the sports and festivities of the occasion.

An Irish member, being asked the meaning of a secret committee, replied, that it was one which discloses every thing, and conceals nothing but its own opinion.

NEWMARKET RACES.

We received, just as our paper was going to press, a note from our Correspondent, who is attending the Races at the South, dated Petersburg, Va. Oct. 9, on which day the races over the New-market Course commence. He had but time to inform us (as the Mail was closing) that 6 horses were entered for the 1st day's race, that the weather was fine and that the sport promised to be the finest and the best attended, ever known at the Fall Meeting. We shall be able to lay before our readers full accounts in our paper of next *Saturday*.

DUCHESS CO. FALL RACES

We have received from a friend, the following account of the winning horses, the time, &c at the Races last week over this Course at Poughkeepsie. We regret some of our friends did not forward us in time for to-day's paper a more detailed statement, as the sport we understand was of a very interesting character. May we not rely on the Secretary or some of our friends in "old Duchess" for a full account?

On account of the heavy fall of rain on Monday, the races were postponed one day, and commenced on

Wednesday, Oct 3. First Race—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, two miles out, for $300 each, $100 forfeit. 3 started, and 3 paid forfeit

Mr. A. Conover's c. c. Massaniello,	1
Mr. J. Buckley's br. f. Sontag,	2
Mr. S. Laird's c. f. by Lance,	3

Time 3 m. 57 s. Heavy track.

Second Race. Match race, one mile out.

Mr. Monfort's b. h. Duchess Bussorah,	1
Mr. Dolson's g. g. Montgomery,	2

Time 1 m. 57.

Third race. Two mile heats, purse $200

Mr. A. Conover's c. m. Celeste,	1	1
Mr. J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Jackson,	2	2

Time. 1st heat. 3 m. 56 s.—2d heat. 3 m. 52 s.

Thursday, Oct 4th. First Race, county purse, for Dutchess and Columbia, $100, mile heats, for three years old.

Mr. Cabrey's b. f. by Childers,	1	1
Mr. W. D. Sherman's g. f. by Orphan Boy,	3	2
Mr. T. Rudd's c. c. by Childers,	2	3
Mr. Gantz's c. f. by Childers,	4	dis.
Mr. Storm's c. f. Henrietta,		dist.

Time. 1st heat, 1 m. 58 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 55 s.

Second Race. Three mile heats, purse $300.

Mr. J. C. Stevens' bl. m. Black Maria,	2	1	1
Mr. Darcey's c. m. Lady Relief,	1	2	3
Mr. A. Sherman's, c. h. Dewitt Clinton,	3	3	2

Time. 1st heat, 6 m. 4 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 55 s.—3d heat, 5 m. 55 s.

Friday, Oct. 5. First Race. One mile heats, purse $50.

Mr. J. Buckley's br. f. Sontag,	1	1
Mr. Darcey's c. m. Lady Relief,	4	2
Mr. C. Weeks' g. g. Jamaica Spirits,	5	3
Mr. A. Sherman's b. h. Bay Roman,	2	4
Mr. Hughson's c. m. Henrietta,	3	5

Time. 1st heat, 1 m. 51 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 52 s.

Second Race. A match between Mr. Monfort's b. h. Dutchess Bussorah, and Mr. Dolson's g. g. Montgomery, mile heats, was won by the former in two heats. Time. 1 m. 59 s. and 2 m. 3 s.

Third Race. Four mile heats, purse $500.

Mr. J. Buckley's g. h. O'Kelly,	1	1
Mr. J. H. Van Mater's g. m. Jane Grey,	2	2
Mr. A. Sherman's c. h. De Witt Clinton,	3	3

Time. 1st heat, 8 m. 9s.—2d heat, 8 m. 10 s.

PEABODY & CO'S NEW MAGAZINE.

We insert the following Address and Prospectus for the establishment of a new Literary periodical with great cheerfulness. The design is [illegible] the Publishers will realize the fulfilment of their expectations. There can be no question of it, if the work itself really deserves the patronage of our reading community, and the literary character and attainment of many whose contributions are pledged for its support entitle it to the favorable consideration of the citizens of New-York. We wish it success with all our hearts.

ADDRESS.—The question is frequently asked, "why has New-York but one literary periodical and no *Quarterly Review* nor *Monthly Magazine*?" The answer, invariably the same, we need not say is one not the most creditable to our townsmen. And yet he who turns to the loaded shelves and thriving establishments of our leading publishers, will have little cause to believe that want either of literary taste or liberality occasions the deficiency; while on the other hand, if he would attribute it to a dearth of ability, there are many well known names, which, like those of Verplank, Bryant, and Halleck, contradict the supposition the moment it suggests itself. Is it from a want of enterprise then, that we have no Monthly Miscellany to represent our literary circles, and occupy the floating talent of the town? The repeated attempts and repeated failures in carrying on a Magazine here, are to this a sufficient reply. Where then does the fault lie? That question we can only answer by asking another. Is not the present a fit time for removing the reproach from every side, and setting the discussion at rest forever?

It is with this conviction that the undersigned having long meditated establishing a literary and miscellaneous periodical in this city, and having at length made the necessary editorial arrangements, have determined, *should their subscription list at all warrant the undertaking*, to issue at an early day the first number of a work which they trust will not be long in establishing itself in the confidence and partiality of the public. In that hope they respectfully submit the following.

PROSPECTUS.—Messrs PEABODY & Co propose commencing at an early day the publication in this city, of a MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The work when fairly established will consist of *Tales, Reviews, and Essays, with notices of the Arts, Views of Society at home and abroad; Comments on the Fashions and temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of foreign publications and the earliest On-dits in literary, sporting and fashionable circles.* But above all to reflect life and literature as displayed in this *Metropolis*, shall be the principal object of

THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR
NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE

☞ Each number will contain twenty four quarto pages of letter press, printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The *paper*, of the finest American manufacture, will be of the same quality with that used in the *Annuals*, and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention in short will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior *Engravings* will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

☞ *Terms of Subscription*, FOUR DOLLARS per annum, payable on the delivery of the fourth number.

Should the complexion of their subscription list barely enable the publishers to commence the Magazine, the contents of the earlier numbers will be one half original and the remainder selected; but should the publication meet with the success that is anticipated, it will gradually assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their designs by the public, to enlist the acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. They must meet with countenance themselves, however, before they can venture to bestow patronage, though perfectly content that *all* the profits of the work shall go to improve its character. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to commence their undertaking, under *literary auspices the most favorable*.

PEABODY & CO.
219 *Broadway, New-York.*

ANECDOTE.—A man was asked the other day by a friend to attend the *Italian Opera* with him, promising to treat him to a ticket, when the other answered, "No, I don't wish to be *Operated* upon, but give me a dollar and we shall both make money—you will save 50 cents and I a dollar." "I've got no *ear* for Music."—"Go to Scudder, and get one then," was the reply.

Communication.

We insert the following communication as it came to us, *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*—not on account of the *execution* of the writer, but rather to exhibit Peter Peyto Good's new-fangled system of orthography and etymology, which our unknown correspondent seems to have studied to some effect. His chirography, combined with the other "essentials" of the "wonderful system," exhibited in his communication, forcibly reminds us of Placide, who as *Andrew Bang*, in the comedy of "Jonathan in England," tells Sir Larry McMurragh, when asked if he can *read*, that he "left off schooling before he came to *that part* of his education."

I seed in your Paper of last Saturday a nu invented cartie wot you can git away from a Horss wen he runs away. I'l tell you my contrivince wot I invented sum time ago win I borerd a hors wot was a little skitish. I took a postle with me well charged, and befor I got haf way I found he was goin to run away with me and most have broke my nek, so I fired and broke his back bone, and then he couldnt run no father righaway—thats the low.

THE PARK.

After the departure of the lovely KEMBLE and her gracious Father, we confess that we were apprehensive that our community had become so *saturated* with their spirit-stirring, soul-awakening illustrations of the mighty Masters, that it would turn a deaf ear to appeals in behalf of its old favorites CLARA FISHER and Master BURKE. These apprehensions were groundless. On Monday evening, at an early hour the house was full, almost to overflowing. Master Burke appeared as Cornelius O'Dedimus, in the Comedy of *Man and Wife*, and Miss Clara as Helen. "Roscius" has "added a whit to his stature" since we saw him last, and his pedal extremities are beginning to assume the rotundity characteristic of his Majesty's subjects. His playing is perhaps improved,—it is more finished, and indicative of study. BURKE's just conception of his part is the most extraordinary feature in his wonderfully precocious mind. In this lies his strength and to this alone he owes his continued popularity. Of mere imitation we should soon tire, and we confess we like BURKE best, when his illustrations are farthest removed from any thing we have before seen exhibited by his seniors. Miss CLARA's "winning ways" cannot be withstood, and she reinstated herself in the golden opinions of a crowded house with her first *curtesy*. This lady is deservedly popular, and we surely hope she will continue so, but we would presume to intimate that she may not be aware how rapidly she is losing that vivacity which constitutes so [illegible] private friends do not perhaps deplore the existence of a cheerfulness, divested of the hoyden gaieties of her youth; and to one who is only expected to interest by a true exhibition of their own thoughts, this is of no consequence: but to an actress, and to Miss CLARA FISHER more than all others, it is of infinite moment. Falling into the "sear and yellow leaf" prematurely, will not be endured in one who takes upon herself the illustration of characters whose chief loveliness and attraction consists in the free, gay, and giddy round of girlish actions. We have the more readily alluded to this subject because we think Miss CLARA is unconscious of the "sweet melancholy" that is creeping over her, and more especially because we believe her naturally gay and buoyant spirit will enable her to retain the characteristics of youth many and many a year if she but "see to it" in time.

Mr. Keppell's benefit was on Wednesday. This gentleman seems truly unfortunate in many respects, but especially in the selection of his characters and the evenings of performing them. He would probably have had a good house had not the Fair at Masonic Hall attracted nearly all that ventured out during that inclement evening. He played Col. Mannering in the Opera of Guy Mannering; Mrs Keppell playing Julia. The cast of this piece was strong and effective,—but playing to empty boxes is a dull affair and evidently dispirited the whole company.

THE AMERICAN.

Miss Vincent, Clifton, Mr Raymond and the Manager, have put forth the past week their united attractions, which have filled the house almost every evening to overflowing. Indeed, Mr Hamblin's assiduous efforts to please in bringing out his whole company, have been met by our citizens with their characteristic liberality, and we heartily congratulate him on his success.

On Monday, Mr Raymond, a deserving actor, and a native of New-York, took a benefit, which was well attended, and though we were not present, we learn he was entirely successful,—in many scenes drawing down rapturous applause.

The play of *Jane Shore* has been repeated during the week, and if we may be allowed to speak from *hearsay*, the piece has been remarkably well performed.—Miss VINCENT playing the first character, Miss CLIFTON Alicia, and Mr HAMBLIN Lord Hastings. It was played on the occasion of Miss CLIFTON's benefit for the first time, last Wednesday evening, which we note with pleasure, was a bumper. Miss VINCENT, who made her first appearance this evening as Jane Shore, excited great admiration in those who witnessed this her latest effort. It is generally remarked, that "her appeal to Heaven, when Gloucester sent her forth to starve, was particularly fine; and her position when discovered leaning upon the cross, graceful in the extreme." This young lady has won new laurels from the play-going public during her late visits to Boston and Philadelphia. In the former city, some of the editors could scarce find language to express their admiration of her performance; which, when we consider her extreme youth, and the little opportunity she has had of seeing any distinguished female acting, is certainly wonderful.

We have neither time or room to extend our remarks and so beg leave to assure all concerned of our cordial good wishes for their success.

PIRACY AND MURDER.

On Thursday evening about 10 o'clock, Mr. Dunlap, U. S. Dist. Attorney, received information that two sailors who arrived in this city about ten days ago, and took lodgings in Ann-street, had thrown out sundry hints against each other which combined with the fact that each had several hundred dollars in his possession, excited fearful apprehensions that they had been engaged in some nefarious and bloody transactions. Measures were promptly taken by the District Attorney to secure their persons, and cause them to be brought before His Honor Judge Davis, yesterday morning, for examination.

Upon their arrest, they gave their names as Joachim Antonio and Joachim Silva, and stated that they arrived at this port on Sunday, the 22d of September last, in the brig Sarah Louisa, from Point Petre, Gaudaloupe.

The account given by Antonia Silva to the District Attorney was as follows: that he and his comrade were two of the crew of the Portguese brig El Triumph (Triumph) that sailed about two month ago from the port of Para, in Brazil, bound to the Western Islands and Lisbon—that the vessel had on board $18,000 in specie, and a valuable cargo—that there were five passengers, and two children, one white and the other black, each about 18 months old—that the passengers were a lawyer and his wife by the name of Marte, a Portuguese supercargo by the name of Justino, a black woman the mother of the black child, and a Portuguese merchant named Joaquim Lawrence the father of the white child—that about a fortnight after they sailed, the crew took forcible possession of the vessel, murdered the captain and one of the crew, and all the passengers except the two women and the white child—that they kept the two women about a week, forced them to submit to their horrid embraces during that time, and then cut their throats and threw them overboard—that they directed their course to Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, where they stated that they had lost their captain, who had been knocked overboard by the boom of the vessel.

When questioned by Mr. Dunlap why he had not made known the circumstances of the murder to the civil authorities at Point Petre when he arrived there, he answered that he was afraid of his life, as the crew had threatened to destroy any one who should give information against them.—The vessel and cargo was sold, he said at that place.

The life of the white child was saved, and he supposed was still alive. He further stated, they took passage from Point Petre, in the brig Sarah Louisa, working their passage, but paying for their provisions. Each of them had about $500 in specie when they landed here.

Upon their examination before Judge Davis yesterday morning, Silva narrated the same story. His companion, Joachim Antonio, maintained a sullen silence; but we understand, that he declares he was never on board any such vessel, and that the money in his possession is the fruit of his own labor.

Several of the crew of the brig Sarah Louisa were examined, who testified that these two individuals came along side the brig in the harbor of Point Petre, and, engaging passage, were brought by the brig to this port. One of the crew stated that they told him about the captain's being knocked overboard by the boom, but that they said nothing about any murder. They were both committed to prison by Judge Davis,—Antonio to take his trial for the piracy and murder, and Silva to be used as state's evidence.

It is highly important that publicity should be given to the transaction, in order that early information may be communicated to Point Petre, with a view to the apprehension, if possible, of the other murderers.—*Boston Atlas.*

AN ADVENTURE AT HAMPTON BEACH.—We understand that a backwoodsman with two of his sweethearts lately made a visit to the beautiful and extensive beach in Hampton, New Hampshire, and performed a feat there, which astonished even the old fishermen in the neighborhood. While sauntering along the promontory, known by the name of "Great Boar's Head," one of his fair companions discovered at some little distance from the shore, a considerable splashing in the water, [illegible] of her protector. The man of the hills had heard of monsters of the great deep, and sea serpents, but nothing daunted, he rushed forward, and as the water was not too deep for him to lose his foot-hold, he soon found himself engaged with an animal of considerable size, which, it appeared, had come so near the shore during flood tide, that it was unable to put to sea when the ebb took place. He finally closed in with the enemy, and seizing him by the tail, succeeded in dragging him to the shore, when, lo! and behold! it was pronounced by some fishermen who had come up in the meantime, to be a young shark, about one fourth grown, and weighing about 60 lbs. Gentle reader, this is no "fish story;" its truth can be established by good testimony. What say you to it, intrepid whalemen of Nantucket.

Letter from the surgeon of the ship Shannon, of Hull, lost in Davis's Straits in consequence of running on an iceberg on the 26th April, in which he says:—

"We got to the forecastle, and made ourselves fast with ropes. When we counted our men, we were 10 men and 3 boys short. We were seven days upon the wreck, without any thing to eat but raw beef and flour, and salt water to drink. It was proposed, the night before we were picked up, that I should bleed those surviving, that they might drink their own blood. The captain and 17 more were bled; some drank their blood as it was drawn; others with a little flour mixed in it. A young man from Shetland, at the moment he had determined to throw himself overboard, called out that there were two vessels coming towards the ship. This produced such a transport of joy as rendered us almost speechless and all that we could do was to press each other by the hand, and to return thanks to the Almighty for the near prospect of our deliverance." The two vessels proved to be two Danish Brigs, in which the survivors were taken off, several of whom, however, died in the course of a few days from the effects of their previous sufferings. The total loss of lives was 28, besides many of the survivors being maimed in consequence of freezing and rendered invalids for life.

CHOLERA RIOT IN MANCHESTER.—A boy, aged four years, having died in the cholera hospital, a surgeon named Oldham, against the express rules of the Board of Health, cut off the child's head, and the trunk was buried. A nurse, who was privy to the transaction, told the boy's grandfather, and a riot was the consequence. The inflamed mob dug up the body and paraded it through the town. An attack on the hospital followed. The patients were sent home, and the place partially destroyed. The military were called out; and a Catholic priest having interfered, further mischief was prevented. Eight rioters have been arrested; and Mr. Oldham has absconded. Happily the disease is on the decline.

It is singular that the rallying cry of foxhunting usually esteemed the national pastime of Great Britain, should be borrowed from the French *chasseurs*. "Tally ho!" being derived from the cry of "*au tallis! au tallis! au tallis!*" (To the cover!)—*Court Journal.*—[It is not at all singular. We derive most our hunting phrases from the Normans, and they used their own language.]

SINGULAR FANCY OF A DOG.—An anecdote which has been confirmed on the best authority, was mentioned at Union Hall on Friday: it related to a Dog which for 9 years has been a constant attender at all the fires in the metropolis. He is known to all the firemen of London; and let a fire occur at any hour in the day or night, he is sure to be in the thick of the throng, and a constant attendant on the engines. He claims no particular master, but, the moment an alarm of fire is given, runs off, as if by instinct to the scene of bustle. He is also a constant attendant at the anniversary dinner of the firemen, whom he follows in their processions, and partakes with a hearty appetite of the good things which are given to him. He is known by the name of TYKE.—LONDON PAPER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In the second war of Silesia, when, on a certain occasion, the army had marched all night, and that it was necessary for them to set forward again in the morning, in the midst of a snow storm, Frederick perceived that they were out of humor, and disposed to complain. He, therefore, descended from his horse, and began marching in the snow at their head; then, after a few moments of silence, he turned round to them and said, "Come, my friends, let us march. If we were a parcel of cowards we should now be in our bed-gowns in a warm-room; but we are soldiers, so come on." Upon hearing this appeal, the soldiers proceeded cheerfully. It was indeed his constant habit, whenever the march was a difficult one, to place himself at the head of the infantry, and to march on foot, in order to encourage them.

On the evening of the day of the successful combat at Burkersdorf, during the seven years' war, Frederick was riding accompanied by the Russian general Czernichief, when they met a wounded soldier. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Nothing," replied the soldier; "for the enemies fly, and we are conquerors." But the king, then perceiving he was wounded, gave him his handkerchief, saying at the same time, "you are wounded, my friend, take this handkerchief, and bind up your wound with it." Upon this Czernichief remarked, "Sire, it is not wonderful that your soldiers should serve you with such devotion since you treat them with so much kindness."

One evening after a little battle, Frederick approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle; "generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so." The King, in a good humored manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reason for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great-coat and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great-coat was also perceptible. Upon this, the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun, "you are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us; we will all die for you." And the conversation concluded with their cheers, and their entreaties to the king to take more care of his own safety.

Thiebault relates that he had seen at Berlin the suit of clothes worn by Frederick towards the end of the seven years' war, and that the coat and the hat were pierced with balls in several places. Le Catt, the secretary of Frederick during the latter years of his life, had also in his possession a little gold box, which had been flattened by a ball when in the king's breeches pocket, at the battle of Zorndorf, and had thus saved him from a dangerous wound in the thigh.

The cool and determined courage of Frederick on a day of battle has, indeed, never been called in question, in spite of his unfavorable commencement at the battle of Mollwitz. Many anecdotes are told in proof of his great bravery with regard to his own person, some of which belong to the relation of particular battles. Among those which are not so appropriated, there is one which deserves relation from the authenticity of its source, as it was related by General Miller, to whom it happened. Miller, being then an aid-de-camp to one of the Prussian Generals, was sent during the battle with orders from one part of the field to another. As he was galloping along, he met an officer, who stopped him, and whom he then recognized to be the king. Frederick began asking him questions, when a shell fell between their two horses. Frederick continued his conversation in the coolest manner, regarding the shell attentively with his glass, and not attending to the impatience of Miller to avoid its probable effects. At length it exploded, but fortunately without hurting either of them; and the king, having obtained the information he wanted, allowed Miller to proceed.

[illegible] of rat, has been related [illegible] vouches for its correctness. One winter evening, several years ago, she was alarmed by the screams of her youngest child, a girl about three years old who slept in a small bed-room over the pantry closet. She ran to her assistance, and on opening the chamber door, saw a large rat jump from the bed and run into a closet. The face and hands of the girl were besmeared with blood, and on examination it was found that the ends of all her fingers on one hand were gnawed off close to the nail. While she remained with the child dressing her wounds, the rat came out of his hole several times, with the evident intention of finishing the supper he had so unceremoniously begun. The last time, he seemed determined to dispute his passage with the mother, and only retired on the appearance of the husband who had at that moment come home. And even then, he did not trouble himself to go very far, for he went just inside of the hole, and sat down—probably with his back to the wall, as he kept his tail sticking out under the crack a few inches from the hole. The man, who loved a joke, immediately seized the tail with one hand, and applied the flame of the candle to it, as nigh the beginning as possible. Then commenced the tug. The rat squealed, and kicked, and pulled before, and the man giggled, and pulled behind, until the rat, getting tired of such a warm fire in his rear, concluded to face the enemy. He accordingly turned round, and putting his head out of the hole, seized the candle in his mouth, and decamped, leaving the skin of his tail in the hands of his adversary: who, moreover was obliged to watch all night in fear that the rat, after having regaled himself with one end of the candle, would set fire to the house with the other, and run away by the light of it. No mischief was done, however, and the rat was never seen afterwards.

New Bedford Gazette.

A young South American Lion arrived here, a day or two ago, in the ship Moss, from Buenos Ayres. During the passage he refused to eat any thing less delicate than chickens; turning up his nose at the beef which formed part of the fare of his companions. Yesterday morning, having been well fed, he was accommodated with a moveable apartment, not unlike that in which Tamerlane lodged Bajazet, and carried up Arch-street in a cart drawn by one horse, who seemed duly proud of his royal burden. His chain was long, and one bar of his cabinet had been broken out; so that his movements were but partially restrained. The driver, after having gone on thoughtlessly a square or two, turned his head to learn the cause of a shout from a man on the pavement; and was astonished to find himself cheek by jowl with the Lion, who had come out to take a look at a scene quite new to him. The man jumped down in a style that would have delighted Gabriel or Jean Ravel; and the lion after him as far as his chain allowed. How to get him shut up again was then the question; and, while they who had the care of him were consulting about this, one of the by-standers laid hold of his tail. At this, in great indignation, he sprang into the cart, and retired to the darkest corner of his cage. His chain was then drawn up, and he was quietly taken to the lodgings prepared for him.—*Phil. Dai. Chron.*

MARGATE, Saturday.—The Earl of Harborough and a party of his friends have been visiting this place and Ramsgate during the week in his lordships pleasure yacht. The noble Earl and his brother yatchers attracted much notice by perambulating the streets attired in blue jackets and trowsers, and wearing enormous mustachios.

Amongst the advertisements in a London paper we read that "two sisters *want* washing," and that "A female, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment."

DISEASE.—A disease called the Cold Plague, from the icy coldness which soon seizes on the arms and legs of the patient, has been very prevalent at Donaldson, Lou.

A small boy fell into the dock a few days since and remained nearly half a day under water, but sustained no injury—the *boy* belonged to a fishing-smack.

ALL MUSCLES.—A battle royal between "two gentlemen with gloves on," was fought this morning, at the corner of Washington and Summer-streets. There was a good deal of kicking and scratching, but very little science. We are happy to state that no life was lost, nor blood spilt, although one of the combatants came amazingly near measuring his length in the gutter. We recommend the gentleman, before they exhibit in public again, to go into training.

Boston Transcript.

MR. PAULDING'S "WESTWARD HO."

The brothers Harper published yesterday the new novel of this name, by JAS. K. PAULDING, Esq. author of "The Dutchman's Fireside;" and though we have not this week had leisure to give the work that attention it so apparently merits, yet from the remarks of our contemporaries, we are led to believe the gifted writer will lose none of his high reputation by this his last effort in the cause of letters.

A writer in the Courier, who has read the work, and speaks at length of its merits, says that his first impression after rising from its perusal, was that of "gratitude to the author for adding a choice gem to our national literature." Although the critic detects here and there slight traces of haste and carelessness, which seem to indicate that the author is too full of the main subject to pay particular attention to minor objects, there is an air of freshness and originality diffused over the whole work; and while the characters are marked with distinct features of individuality, and the style throughout abounds in vigor and raciness, the story is neither spun out or delayed by long, dull, or diffusive dialogues.

Our contemporary remarks, very justly, that "WESTWARD HO" is truly and emphatically a *National* tale. "The scene opens like the lift of a curtain, and discloses to the charmed reader the wilderness of Kentucky, some half a century ago—of old Kentucky, which having now arrived at the age of almost forty years, is entitled to assume the honors of a patriarch among the young fry of empires springing up like mushrooms in the vast valley of the great father of waters. Its early history is a romance—its growth a miracle—its soil a garden—its women half angel, half heroine—and a portion of its men, as hath been credibly asserted, 'half horse, half alligator, with a small sprinkling of the steamboat,' &c."

We have room this week but for two short extracts. The following specimen of the conversation between two boatmen, will amuse most of our readers, while at the same time it presents a vivid picture of the beautiful Ohio, on which it takes place.

Late in the still, starry night, as the captain and one Zephi Teal, his first officer, sat watching the course of the Broad-horn while she glided along, by the bright beams of a full-moon, the former observed that the river was rising rapidly, and the force of the current increasing.

"There has been a mighty gust of rain lately up above, and the snow on the mountains must have all melted in a hurry. I reckon we shall have a powerful freshet, Zephi."

"Yes," said Zephi; "it's above high-water mark already, and rises like the water in a boiling pot. I never seen it so high but once afore, and that was when Orson Upson's broad-horn was carried clean over the tops of the Button Woods, and Divine Goodyears's house floated all the way down to the Big Bend, with the family in it."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Captain H—. "In what year of our Lord was that, Zeph— [illegible] one Yankee pedlar at Pittsburgh, I calculate."

"I'll be shot," exclaiming Hugg, "if any Yankee pedlar that ever stepped 'twixt here and the other side of the end of the yearth ever freed Sam Hugg. It's a lie, whoever said it. But did you in good earnest, see Divine Goodyear's house floating down stream, with the family in it?"

"If I did'nt may I be rowed up Salt River."

"I should like to have seen the old sinner; I dare say he prayed like a horse."

"Yes, that he did. I head him snortin 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' as he went past the cove where I tied my boat to the top of a big tree a hundred foot high."

Thus they communed together till the first blush of the morning appeared in the east, and the gradual opening of the scene showed the swelling stream rolling down in boiling eddies, and its dark-brown surface strewed with the spoils of the earth. The gigantic trees on the bottoms, as they are called in the language of the west, stood midway quivering in the waters, with nothing but the branches visible. The first and second banks of the river had disappeared, and wherever the hills receded from the shore the waters rolled over the earth, sweeping along with them every loose thing on its surface. The picture of the deluge was renewed; for the solid ground was no longer a place of safety, and the scene was as solitary as that which the world exhibited when all that remained of its living myriads was sheltered in Noah's ark floating about at the mercy of a shoreless ocean that tumbled round the ball."

Capt. Basil H. receives from the author in the subjoined extract, the most capital hit we ever met with. It purports to be the queer and humourous narrative of a boatman, a *real ring-tail'd roarer*, giving a full account of that famous "traveled sailor," who as all the world knows was set ashore, or threatened to be set ashore from a steamer on the Mississippi, for intruding against rules into the "Ladies' Cabin."

The party was seated on the roof of the broad-horn, which consisted of boards inclining at each end from the centre, so as to let the rain run off, and singing or telling stories according to custom, aided by the indispensable accompaniment of a competent supply of whiskey. Rainsford had seated himself also upon the roof of the boat, to enjoy the scene before him, and was now casting a glance of admiration on either side; now busying himself in a labyrinth of reflections; which, whether he turned to the past, the present, or the future, were equally fraught with unqualified bitterness. Gradually, however, his attention was arrested by the following extraordinary tale.

"Well then, captain, if he won't sing, suppose you tell us another story," quoth Cherub Spooney.

"Ay, do now, captain, tell us the story of the strange cretur you picked up going down the river," said another.

"Ah! now do, Massa Cappin Sam," quoth blackey.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. We had hauled in the broad-horn close ashore to wood, wind was up stream, so we could'nt make much headway any-how. Bill told the nigger to cook a few steaks off Clumsey—that was what we called the bear I shot the day before—well, while we were a-wooding—"

"That story's as long as the Mississippi," said one.

"Shut pan, and sing dumb, or I'll throw you into the drink," exclaimed Spooney.

"Why, I heard that story before."

"Well supposing you did, I did'nt; go on, captain."

"Well, as I was saying, Spoon the nigger—"

"I think he might call um genman of color," muttered blackey.

"The nigger went to cook some bear while we were wooding, so that we might have something to go upon. When we come back, what kind of a varmint do you think we started in the cane-brake?"

"I reckon an alligator," said blackey.

"Hold your tongue, you beauty, or you shall smell brimstone through a nail hole," cried Spooney, "go ahead, go ahead, captain."

"Well, as I was saying we started the drollest varmint perhaps you ever did see. Its face was covered with hair, like a bull buffalo all but a lit-

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219 Broadway, New-York.

ANECDOTE. A man was asked the other day by a friend to attend the Italian Opera with him, promising to treat him to a ticket, when the other answered, "No, I don't wish to be Operated upon, but give me a dollar and we shall both make money—you will save 50 cents and I a dollar." "I've got no ear for Music."—"Go to Scudder, and get one then," was the reply.

Communication.

We insert the following communication as it came to us, *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim*—not on account of the *invention* of the writer, but rather to exhibit Peter Peyto Good's new-fangled system of orthography and etymology, which our unknown correspondent seems to have studied to some effect. His chirography, combined with the other "essentials" of the "wonderful system," exhibited in his communication, forcibly reminds us of Placide, who as *Andrew Bang*, in the comedy of "Jonathan in England," tells Sir Larry McMurragh, when asked if he can *read*, that he "left off schooling before he came to *that part* of his education!"

I seed in your Paper of last Saterday a nu invented carije wot you can git away from a Horss wen he runs away. I'l tell you my contrivince wot I invented sum time ago win I borred a hors wot was a little skitish. I took a pistle with me well charged, and befor I got haf way I found he was goin to run away with me and mout have broke my nek, so I fired and broke his back bone, and then he couldnt run no father rightaway—thats the how.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

After the departure of the lovely KEMBLE and her gracious Father, we confess that we were apprehensive that our community had become so *saturated* with their spirit-stirring, soul-awakening illustrations of the mighty Masters, that it would turn a deaf ear to appeals in behalf of its old favorites CLARA FISHER and Master BURKE. These apprehensions were groundless. On Monday evening, at an early hour the house was full, almost to overflowing. Master Burke appeared as Cornelius O'Dedimus, in the Comedy of *Man and Wife*, and Miss Clara as Helen. "Roscius" has "added a whit to his stature" since we saw him last, and his pedal extremities are beginning to assume the rotundity characteristic of His Majesty's subjects. His playing is perhaps improved,—it is more finished, and indicative of study. BURKE's just conception of his part is the most extraordinary feature in his wonderfully precocious mind. In this lies his strength and to this alone he owes his continued popularity. Of mere imitation we should soon tire, and we confess we like BURKE best, when his illustrations are farthest removed from any thing we have before seen exhibited by his seniors. Miss CLARA's "winning ways" cannot be withstood, and she reinstated herself in the golden opinions of a crowded house with her first *curtesey*. This lady is deservedly popular, and we surely hope she will continue so, but we would presume to intimate that she may not be aware how rapidly she is losing that vivacity which constitutes so [illegible] private friends do not perhaps deplore the existence of a cheerfulness, divested of the hovden gaieties of her youth; and to one who is only expected to interest by a true exhibition of their own thoughts, this is of no consequence: but to an actress, and to Miss CLARA FISHER more than all others, it is of infinite moment. Falling into the "sear and yellow leaf" prematurely, will not be endured in one who takes upon herself the illustration of characters whose chief loveliness and attraction consists in the free, gay and giddy round of girlish actions. We have the more readily alluded to this subject because we think Miss CLARA is unconscious of the "sweet melancholy" that is creeping over her, and more especially because we believe her naturally gay and buoyant spirit will enable her to retain the characteristics of youth many and many a year, if she but "see to it" in time.

Mr. Keppell's benefit was on Wednesday. This gentleman seems truly unfortunate in many respects, but especially in the selection of his characters, and the evenings of performing them. He would probably have had a good house had not the Fair at Masonic Hall attracted nearly all that ventured out during that inclement evening. He played Col. Mannering in the Opera of Guy Mannering, Mrs. Keppell playing Julia. The cast of this piece was strong and effective,—but playing to empty boxes is a dull affair and evidently dispirited the whole company.

THE AMERICAN.

Miss Vincent, Clifton, Mr. Raymond and the Manager, have put forth the past week their united attractions, which have filled the house almost every evening to overflowing. Indeed, Mr Hamblin's assiduous efforts to please, in bringing out his whole company, have been met by our citizens with their characteristic liberality, and we heartily congratulate him on his success.

On Monday, Mr. Raymond, a deserving actor, and a native of New-York, took a benefit, which was well attended; and though we were not present, we learn he was entirely successful,—in many scenes drawing down rapturous applause.

The play of *Jane Shore* has been repeated during the week, and if we may be allowed to speak from *hearsay*, the piece has been remarkably well performed.—Miss VINCENT playing the first character, Miss CLIFTON Alicia, and Mr HAMBLIN Lord Hastings. It was played on the occasion of Miss CLIFTON's benefit, for the first time, last Wednesday evening, which we note with pleasure, was a bumper. Miss VINCENT, who made her first appearance this evening as Jane Shore, excited great admiration in those who witnessed this her latest effort. It is generally remarked, that "her appeal to Heaven, when Gloucester sent her forth to starve, was particularly fine, and her position when discovered leaning upon the cross, graceful in the extreme." This young lady has won new laurels from the play-going public during her late visits to Boston and Philadelphia. In the former city, some of the editors could scarce find language to express their admiration of her performance which, when we consider her extreme youth and the little opportunity she has had of seeing any distinguished female acting, is certainly wonderful.

We have neither time or room to extend our remarks, and so beg leave to assure all concerned of our cordial good wishes for their success.

PIRACY AND MURDER.

On Thursday evening about 10 o'clock, Mr. Dunlap, U. S. Dist. Attorney, received information that two sailors who arrived in this city about ten days ago, and took lodgings in Ann-street, had thrown out sundry hints against each other which combined with the fact that each had several hundred dollars in his possession, excited fearful apprehensions that they had been engaged in some nefarious and bloody transactions. Measures were promptly taken by the District Attorney to secure their persons, and cause them to be brought before His Honor Judge Davis, yesterday morning, for examination.

Upon their arrest, they gave their names as Joachim Antonio, and Joachim Silva, and stated that they arrived at this port on Sunday, the 22d of September last, in the brig Sarah Louisa, from Point Petre, Gaudaloupe.

The account given by Antonia Silva to the District Attorney was as follows: that he and his comrade were two of the crew of the Portuguese brig El Triumph (Triumph) that sailed about two month ago from the port of Para, in Brazil, bound to the Western Islands and Lisbon—that the vessel had on board $18,000 in specie, and a valuable cargo—that there were five passengers, and two children, one white and the other black, each about 18 months old—that the passengers were a lawyer and his wife by the name of Marte, a Portuguese supercargo by the name of Justino, a black woman the mother of the black child, and a Portuguese merchant named Joaquim Lawrence the father of the white child—that about a fortnight after they sailed, the crew took forcible possession of the vessel, murdered the captain and one of the crew, and all the passengers except the two women and the white child—that they kept the two women about a week, forced them to submit to their horrid embraces during that time, and then cut their throats and threw them overboard—that they directed their course to Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, where they stated that they had lost their captain, who had been knocked overboard by the boom of the vessel.

When questioned by Mr. Dunlap why he had not made known the circumstances of the murder to the civil authorities at Point Petre when he arrived there, he answered that he was afraid of his life, as the crew had threatened to destroy any one who should give information against them.—The vessel and cargo was sold, he said at that place.

The life of the white child was saved, and he supposed was still alive. He further stated, they took passage from Point Petre, in the brig Sarah Louisa, working their passage, but paying for their provisions. Each of them had about $500 in specie when they landed here.

Upon their examination before Judge Davis yesterday morning, Silva narrated the same story. His companion, Joachim Antonio, maintained a sullen silence; but we understand, that he declares he was never on board any such vessel, and that the money in his possession is the fruit of his own labor.

Several of the crew of the brig Sarah Louisa were examined, who testified that these two individuals came along side the brig in the harbor of Point Petre, and engaging passage, were brought by the brig to this port. One of the crew stated that they told him about the captain's being knocked overboard by the boom, but that they said nothing about any murder. They were both committed to prison by Judge Davis.—Antonio to take his trial for the piracy and murder, and Silva to be used as state's evidence.

It is highly important that publicity should be given to the transaction, in order that early information may be communicated to Point Petre, with a view to the apprehension, if possible, of the other murderers.—*Boston Atlas.*

AN ADVENTURE AT HAMPTON BEACH.—We understand that a backwoodsman with two of his sweethearts lately made a visit to the beautiful and extensive beach in Hampton, New Hampshire, and performed a feat there, which astonished even the old fishermen in the neighborhood. While sauntering about the promontory, known by the name of "Great Boar's Head," one of his fair companions discovered at some little distance from the shore, a considerable splashing in the water, [illegible] of her protector. The man of the hills had heard of monsters of the great deep, and sea serpents, but nothing daunted, he rushed forward, and as the water was not too deep for him to lose his foot-hold, he soon found himself engaged with an animal of considerable size, which, it appeared, had come so near the shore during flood tide, that it was unable to put to sea when the ebb took place. He finally closed in with the enemy, and seizing him by the tail, succeeded in dragging him to the shore, when, lo! and behold! it was pronounced by some fishermen who had come up in the meantime, to be a young shark, about one fourth grown, and weighing about 60 lbs. Gentle reader, this is no "fish story;" its truth can be established by good testimony. What say you to it, intrepid whalemen of Nantucket.

Letter from the surgeon of the ship Shannon, of Hull, lost in Davis's Straits in consequence of running on an iceberg on the 26th April, in which he says—

"We got to the forecastle, and made ourselves fast with ropes. When we counted our men, we were 10 men and 3 boys short. We were seven days upon the wreck, without any thing to eat but raw beef and flour, and salt water to drink. It was proposed, the night before we were picked up, that I should bleed those surviving, that they might drink their own blood. The captain and 17 more were bled; some drank their blood as it was drawn; others with a little flour mixed in it. A young man from Shetland, at the moment he had determined to throw himself overboard, called out that there were two vessels coming towards the ship. This produced such a transport of joy as rendered us almost speechless and all that we could do was to press each other by the hand, and to return thanks to the Almighty for the near prospect of our deliverance." The two vessels proved to be two Danish Brigs, in which the survivors were taken off, several of whom, however, died in the course of a few days from the effects of their previous sufferings. The total loss of lives was 28, besides many of the survivors being maimed in consequence of freezing and rendered invalids for life.

CHOLERA RIOT IN MANCHESTER.—A boy, aged four years, having died in the cholera hospital, a surgeon named Oldham, against the express rules of the Board of Health, cut off the child's head, and the trunk was buried. A nurse, who was privy to the transaction, told the boy's grandfather, and a riot was the consequence. The inflamed mob dug up the body and paraded it through the town. An attack on the hospital followed. The patients were sent home, and the place partially destroyed. The military were called out; and a Catholic priest having interfered, further mischief was prevented. Eight rioters have been arrested; and Mr. Oldham has absconded. Happily the disease is on the decline.

It is singular that the rallying cry of foxhunting usually esteemed the national pastime of Great Britain, should be borrowed from the French *chasseurs*. "Tally ho!" being derived from the cry of of "*au tallis! au tallis! au tallis!*" (To the cover!)—*Court Journal.*—[It is not at all singular. We derive most our hunting phrases from the Normans, and they used their own language.]

SINGULAR FANCY OF A DOG.—An anecdote which has been confirmed on the best authority, was mentioned at Union Hall on Friday: it related to a Dog which for 9 years has been a constant attender at all the fires in the metropolis. He is known to all the firemen of London; and let a fire occur at any hour in the day or night, he is sure to be in the thick of the throng, and a constant attendant on the engines. He claims no particular master, but, the moment an alarm of fire is given, runs off, as if by instinct to the scene of bustle. He is also a constant attendant at the anniversary dinner of the firemen, whom he follows in their processions, and partakes with a hearty appetite of the good things which are given to him. He is known by the name of Tyke.—LONDON PAPER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In the second war of Silesia, when, on a certain occasion, the army had marched all night, and that it was necessary for them to set forward again in the morning, in the midst of a snow storm, Frederick perceived that they were out of humor, and disposed to complain. He, therefore, descended from his horse, and began marching in the snow at their head; then, after a few moments of silence, he turned round to them and said, "Come, my friends, let us march. If we were a parcel of cowards we should now be in our bed gowns in a warm-room; but we are soldiers, so come on." Upon hearing this appeal, the soldiers proceeded cheerfully. It was indeed his constant habit, whenever the march was a difficult one, to place himself at the head of the infantry, and to march on foot, in order to encourage them.

On the evening of the day of the successful combat at Burkersdorf, during the seven years war, Frederick was riding accompanied by the Russian general Czernichief, when they met a wounded soldier. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Nothing," replied the soldier, "for the enemies fly, and we are conquerors." But the king, then perceiving he was wounded, gave him his handkerchief, saying at the same time, "you are wounded, my friend, take this handkerchief, and bind up your wound with it." Upon this Czernichief remarked, "Sire, it is not wonderful that your soldiers should serve you with such devotion since you treat them with so much kindness."

One evening after a little battle, Frederick approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle; "generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so." The King, in a good humored manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reason for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great-coat and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great-coat was also perceptible. Upon this, the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun, "you are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us; we will all die for you." And the conversation concluded with their cheers, and their entreaties to the king to take more care of his own safety.

Thiebault relates that he had seen at Berlin the suit of clothes worn by Frederick towards the end of the seven years' war, and that the coat and the hat were pierced with balls in several places. Le Catt, the secretary of Frederick during the latter years of his life, had also in his possession a little gold box, which had been flattened by a ball when in the king's breeches pocket, at the battle of Zorndorf, and had thus saved him from a dangerous wound in the thigh.

The cool and determined courage of Frederick on a day of battle has, indeed, never been called in question, in spite of his unfavorable commencement at the battle of Mollwitz. Many anecdotes are told in proof of his great bravery with regard to his own person, some of which belong to the relation of particular battles. Among those which are not so appropriated, there is one which deserves relation from the authenticity of its source, as it was related by General Miller, to whom it happened. Miller, being then an aid-de-camp to one of the Prussian Generals, was sent during the battle with orders from one part of the field to another. As he was galloping along, he met an officer, who stopped him, and whom he then recognized to be the king. Frederick began asking him questions, when a shell fell between their two horses. Frederick continued his conversation in the coolest manner, regarding the shell attentively with his glass, and not attending to the impatience of Miller to avoid its probable effects. At length it exploded, but fortunately without hurting either of them; and the king, having obtained the information he wanted, allowed Miller to proceed.

[illegible] of a rat, has been related [illegible] we are ready to vouch for its correctness. One winter evening, several years ago, she was alarmed by the screams of her youngest child, a girl about three years old who slept in a small bed-room over the pantry closet. She ran to her assistance, and on opening the chamber door, saw a large rat jump from the bed and run into a closet. The face and hands of the girl were besmeared with blood, and on examination it was found that the ends of all her fingers on one hand were gnawed off close to the nail. While she remained with the child dressing her wounds, the rat came out of his hole several times, with the evident intention of finishing the supper he had so unceremoniously begun. The last time, he seemed determined to dispute his passage with the mother, and only retired on the appearance of the husband who had at that moment come home. And even then, he did not trouble himself to go very far, for he went just inside of the hole, and sat down—probably with his back to the wall, as he kept his tail sticking out under the crack a few inches from the hole. The man, who loved a joke, immediately seized the tail with one hand, and applied the flame of the candle to it, as nigh the beginning as possible. Then commenced the tug. The rat squealed, and kicked, and pulled before, and the man giggled, and pulled behind, until the rat, getting tired of such a warm fire in his rear, concluded to face the enemy. He accordingly turned round, and putting his head out of the hole, seized the candle in his mouth, and decamped, leaving the skin of his tail in the hands of his adversary who, moreover was obliged to watch all night in fear that the rat after having regaled himself with one end of the candle, would set fire to the house with the other, and run away by the light of it. No mischief was done, however, and the rat was never seen afterwards.

New Bedford Gazette.

A young South American Lion arrived here a day or two ago, in the ship Moss, from Buenos Ayres. During the passage he refused to eat any thing less delicate than chickens; turning up his nose at the beef which formed part of the fare of his companions. Yesterday morning, having been well fed, he was accommodated with a moveable apartment, not unlike that in which Tamerlane lodged Bajazet, and carried up Arch street in a cart drawn by one horse, who seemed duly proud of his royal burden. His chain was long, and one bar of his cabinet had been broken out; so that his movements were but partially restrained. The driver, after having gone on thoughtlessly a square or two, turned his head to learn the cause of a shout from a man on the pavement; and was astonished to find himself cheek by jowl with the Lion, who had come out to take a look at a scene quite new to him. The man jumped down in a style that would have delighted Gabriel or Jean Ravel; and the lion after him as far as his chain allowed. How to get him shut up again was then the question; and, while they who had the care of him were consulting about this, one of the by standers laid hold of his tail. At this, in great indignation, he sprang into the cart, and retired to the darkest corner of his cage. His chain was then drawn up, and he was quietly taken to the lodgings prepared for him.—*Phil. Dai. Citizen.*

MARGATE, Saturday.—The Earl of Harborough and a party of his friends have been visiting this place and Ramsgate during the week, in his lordship's pleasure yacht. The noble Earl and his brother yatchers attracted much notice by perambulating the streets attired in blue jackets and trowsers, and wearing enormous mustaches.

Amongst the advertisements in a London paper we read that "two sisters want washing," and that "A female, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own nor any other employment."

DISEASE.—A disease called the Cold Plague, from the icy coldness which soon seizes on the arms and legs of the patient, has been very prevalent at Donaldson, Lou.

A small boy fell into the dock a few days since and remained nearly half a day under water, but sustained no injury—the boy belonging to a fishing-smack.

ALL MUSCLE.—A battle royal between "two gentlemen with gloves on," was fought this morning, at the corner of Washington and Summer streets. There was a good deal of kicking and scratching, but very little science. We are happy to state that no life was lost, nor blood spilt, although one of the combatants came amazingly near measuring his length in the gutter. We recommend the gentlemen, before they exhibit in public again, to go into training.

Boston Transcript.

MR. PAULDING'S "WESTWARD HO."

The brothers Harper published yesterday the new novel of this name, by JAS. K. PAULDING, Esq. author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," and though we have not this week had leisure to give the work that attention it so apparently merits, yet from the remarks of our contemporaries, we are led to believe the gifted writer will lose none of his high reputation by this his last effort in the cause of letters.

A writer in the Courier, who has read the work, and speaks at length of its merits, says that his first impression after rising from its perusal, was that of "gratitude to the author for adding a choice gem to our national literature." Although the critic detects here and there slight traces of haste and carelessness, which seem to indicate that the author is too full of the main subject to pay particular attention to minor objects, there is an air of freshness and originality diffused over the whole work; and while the characters are marked with distinct features of individuality, and the style throughout abounds in vigor and raciness, the story is neither spun out or delayed by long, dull, or diffusive dialogues.

Our contemporary remarks, very justly, that "WESTWARD HO" is truly and emphatically a *National* tale. "The scene opens like the lift of a curtain, and discloses to the charmed reader the wilderness of Kentucky, some half a century ago—of old Kentucky, which having now arrived at the age of almost forty years is entitled to assume the honors of a patriarch among the young fry of empires springing up like mushrooms in the vast valley of the great father of waters. Its early history is a romance—its growth a miracle—its soil a garden—its women half angel half heroine—and a portion of its men, as hath been credibly asserted, 'half horse, half alligator, with a small sprinkling of the steamboat,' &c."

We have room this week but for two short extracts. The following specimen of the conversation between two boatmen, will amuse most of our readers, while at the same time it presents a vivid picture of the beautiful Ohio, on which it takes place.

Late in the still, starry night, as the captain and one Zephi Teal, his first officer, sat watching the course of the Broad-horn while she glided along, by the bright beams of a full moon, the former observed that the river was rising rapidly, and the force of the current increasing.

"There has been a mighty grist of rain lately up above, and the snows on the mountains must have all melted in a hurry. I reckon we shall have a powerful freshet, Zephi."

"Yes," said Zephi; "it's above high-water mark already, and rises like the water in a boiling pot. I never seen it so high but once afore, and that was when Orson Upson's broad-horn was carried clean over the tops of the Button Woods, and Divine Goodyear's house floated all the way down to the Big Bend, with the family in it."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Captain Hu[illegible] "in what year of our Lord was that, Zeph? [illegible] the Yankee pedlar at Pittsburgh, I calculate."

"I'll be shot," exclaiming Hugg, "if any Yankee pedlar that ever stepped 'twixt here and the other side of the end of the yearth ever treed Sam Hugg. It's a lie, whoever said it. But did you in good earnest, see Divine Goodyear's house floating down stream, with the family in it?"

"If I did nt may I be rowed up Salt River."

"I should like to have seen the old sinner; I dare say he prayed like a horse."

"Yes, that he did. I head him snortin 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' as he went past the cove where I tied my boat to the top of a big tree a hundred foot high."

Thus they communed together till the first blush of the morning appeared in the east, and the gradual opening of the scene showed the swelling stream rolling down in boiling eddies, and its dark-brown surface strewed with the spoils of the earth. The gigantic trees on the bottoms as they are called in the language of the west, stood midway quivering in the waters, with nothing but the branches visible. The first and second banks of the river had disappeared, and wherever the hills receded from the shore the waters rolled over the earth, sweeping along with them every loose thing on its surface. The picture of the deluge was renewed; for the solid ground was no longer a place of safety, and the scene was as solitary as that which the world exhibited when all that remained of its living myriads was sheltered in Noah's ark floating about at the mercy of a shoreless ocean that tumbled round the ball."

Capt. Basil H. receives from the author in the subjoined extract, the most capital hit we ever met with. It purports to be the queer and humourous narrative of a boatman, a *real ring-tail'd roarer*; giving a full account of that famous "traveled sailor," who as all the world knows was set ashore, or threatened to be set ashore from a steamer on the Mississippi, for intruding against rules into the "Ladies' Cabin."

The party was seated on the roof of the broad-horn, which consisted of boards inclining at each end from the centre, so as to let the rain run off, and singing or telling stories according to custom, aided by the indispensable accompaniment of a competent supply of whiskey. Rainsford had seated himself also upon the roof of the boat, to enjoy the scene before him, and was now casting a glance of admiration on either side; now busying himself in a labyrinth of reflections, which, whether he turned to the past, the present, or the future, were equally fraught with unqualified bitterness. Gradually, however, his attention was arrested by the following extraordinary tale.

"Well then, captain, if he won't sing, suppose you tell us another story," quoth Cherub Spooney.

"Ay, do now, captain, tell us the story of the strange cretur you picked up going down the river," said another.

"Ah! now do, Massa Cappin Sam," quoth blackey.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. We had hauled in the broad horn close ashore to wood; wind was up-stream, so we could'nt make much headway any how. Bill told the nigger to cook a few steaks off Clumsey—that was what we called the bear I shot the day before—well, while we were a wooding—

"That story's as long as the Mississippi," said one.

"Shut pan, and sing dumb, or I'll throw you into the drink," exclaimed Spooney.

"Why, I heard that story before."

"Well supposing you did, I did'nt—go on, captain."

"Well, as I was saying, Spoon, the nigger—"

"I think he might call um gemman of color," muttered blackey.

"The nigger went to cook some bear while we were wooding, so that we might have something to go upon. When we came back, what kind of a varmint do you think we started in the cane brake?"

"I reckon an alligator," said blackey.

"Hold your tongue, you beauty, or you shall smell brimstone through a nail hole," cried Spooney, "go ahead, go ahead, captain."

"Well, as I was saying we started the droliest varmint, perhaps you ever did see. Its face was covered with hair like a bull buffalo all but a little place for his eyes to see through. It looked mighty skeery, as though it thought itself a gone sucker, and calculated we were going to eat it, before we killed it; but we carried it aboard the broadhorn, and took compassion on the poor thing. I slapped it on the back, and told it to stand up on its hind legs, and I wish I may run on a sawyer if it didn't turn out to be a live dandy."

"Had it a tail?"

"I'll wad lightning out of you, Bill, if you interrupt me."

"That's actionable in New Orleans."

"Ha! ha! whoop! wake snakes—go ahead, go ahead, and don't be so rantankerous," shouted the audience.

"I swear if he once gets my tail up, he'll find I'm from the forks of Roaring River, and a bit of a screamer," said Captain Hugg.

"Well go ahead—go ahead—tell us about the dandy—ha, ha, ha! I should like to have seen it when it stood upon its hind legs. What did it say?"

"Why, I asked what they called such queer things where it came from, and it said Basil; and that the captain of the steam boat had put it ashore because it insisted on going into the ladies' cabin. Well, some of us called it summer-savory, some catnip, some sweet basil, and we had high fun with the cretur, and laughed till we were tired. And then we set him on a barrel forked end downwards—

"Yough! yough! yough!" ejaculated blackey: bursting into one of his indescribable laughs.

"No laughing in the ranks there—throw that nigger overboard if he laughs before I come to the right place, and then you may all begin. Well, then I began to ask him all about himself; and he told me that he was a great traveller; and that he had been so far north, that the north star was south of him. And then he asked me if I knew any thing of navigation, and the use of the globes. 'To be sure I do,' said I, 'aint they made for people to live on?' Then he inquired if I ever heard of Hershell, or Hisshell, I forgot which, and I told him I knew him as well as a squirrel knows a hickory-nut from an acorn." "He's dead," said the queer cretur.

"No no,' says I, 'that won't do. There's no mistake in Shavetail, you may swear. I saw a pedlar with some splendid sausages made of red flannel and turnips go by our house and I changed with him some wooden bacon hams. He came from Litchfield, where Hershell lived, and didn't say a word of it. Here he made a note in his book, and I began to smoke him for one of these fellers that draws a sort of trade making books about old Kentuck, and the western country; so I thought I'd set him barking up the wrong tree a little. And I told him some stories that were enough to set the Mississippi afire; but he put them all down in his book. One of my men was listening, and sung out, 'Well, Sam, you do take the rag off the bushe, that's sartin; and I was fearful dandy would find out I was smoking him; so I jumped up and told Tom a short horse was soon curried, and I'd knock him into a cocked hat if he said another word. And that broke up the conversation."

"CLEAR MEAT-AXE DISPOSITION."—As a specimen of that disposition so well defined by Col. Nimrod Wildfire of "Salt River" memory, in the caption of this article, we give the subjoined extract from the last No of the People's Advocate. It will be necessary for the reader to understand that the belligerents are editors of rival newspapers in the "land of steady habits." Him of the People's Press commences the *war editorial* by assuring *his* readers that what the other says, in common parlance, "will not bear the test of truth," —to use his own phrase, his assertions "are false as ——." Upon this, the doughty knight of the Advocate, after "crowing like a cock," and belaboring his adversary in no measured terms for a paragraph or so, thus joins issue:—

"Humph! readers, we are alive! we have received a shot, but are not annihilated. We are [illegible] has even hinted that he threatens to [illegible] that he would be glad of an opportunity to make a small hole through us, about the size of a pistol ball. Now every body knows that we are a great coward, and never fight; but if Mr. —— all fresh from the battle field—feels peculiarly pugnacious, he can be accommodated at any time by calling upon our *devil*, who's a "real roarer, all aquafortis but his head," and ready to give Mr. —— all who ants, and a *little more*, at a moment's notice."

A KENTUCKY EDITOR.—A Kentucky Editor of note, in speaking of a cotemporary in his neighborhood, describes him as one who for 10 or 15 years has been uttering falsehoods out of every pore of his hide, and who never sits down to write without having a swarm of palatable and visible lies buzzing about his pen, and settling down upon it like a cloud of summer flies—who when he attempts to reason, ambles but poorly, but let him once get fairly mounted on his hobby of blackguardism, and away he goes like a Lapland witch astride of a broomstick!

The Troy Budget in speaking of this fellow says "His Satanic Majesty ought to confer upon the aforesaid gentleman a leather medal—it may be that he is waiting to bestow a higher honor."

FARMER'S ALMANAC.—We find the following amusing and characteristic stanzas, by the editor of the New England Farmer, in his Almanac for 1833, which with the work itself we commend to the notice of our readers.

April's a fitful go between!
A paragon of changes!
Has ups and downs, through all extremes
Of thermometric ranges.

Sometimes she scowls, with sconce so long
Would reach from here to yonder!
Sometimes she, smirking, seems as smart
As Miss—15 or under!

Like shabby beau, or faded belle,
Now counterfeiting splendor,
Now uglier than figure 3,
With 0 to recommend her!

My dear Madam *Moon*, I'm sorry to say
That you look rather sickly and palish;
As if from some pole just under the pole,
Your ladyship lately had sallied.

How poets will lie—(that is all, but 1!)
When they talk of your being so charming!
If truth must be told, you're so backward & cold
That I can't get along with my farming.

I might liken your lips to rock maple chips,
Which winter's cold drifts had lain under!
You have icicle toes, and fingers like those,
And who then can love you I wonder.

Then Madam, good bye! to Canada hie
You will get there by dog days, I take it,
Be off in a jerk, let June do your work,
For a very sad matter you make it.

AUGUST.

The warm moon comes driving on,
[illegible] like icebergs horrent
The sky con [illegible] fire! fire! fire!
And yet it pours a torrent.

PRETTY BUSINESS FOR [illegible]

He steals a kiss from my sweet Mary
Before she can forbid it!
She sighs to find it was the wind,
And not her lover did it.

The North American Review says "the pains [illegible] which Mr. Trollope expresses at [illegible] delivered from Republicanism is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his military cap, remarked that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head."

BANK ROBBERY.—An extensive robbery, as we learn, has been committed on the Bank at Wheeling in Virginia. The following is a copy of the handbill that has been circulated under authority from the Bank.

"BANK ROBBERY.—*Five Thousand Dollars Reward.*—The office of the North Western Bank of Virginia, was entered on the night of the 2d inst by some villains, and from $90,000 to $70,000 in Bank Notes stolen; about $25,000 in United States paper, the remainder principally on notes of the neighboring Banks.

"The above reward will be paid for the apprehension of the robbers and the recovery of the money, or a proportionate reward for the amount recovered. "J. LIST, Cashier.

"Wheeling, Oct. 3d, 1832."

PORTENTOUS.—The Boston Gazette states that on Wednesday last, *eleven* young gentlemen were sworn in, and admitted to practise as attornies in the Court of Common Pleas.

FIRE.

The Sporting and Fishing Tackle Store of our friend, Chas. R. Taylor, No. 1 Maiden Lane, took fire on Tuesday evening last, by the kindling of the gas; but by the prompt exertions of the Fire department, the flames were soon extinguished. The store adjoining, occupied by Mr. W. H. Chapman, sustained some inconsiderable injury. We understand, that some one in the crowd, knowing that Mr. Taylor kept on hand a choice supply of Powder, gave an alarm by shouting "*Powder!*" that cleared the street instantly of the concourse of spectators that thronged the scene of conflagration.

Police Intelligence.

PICKPOCKETS.

The depredations of these gentry have lately become so frequent and bare-faced, that a man hardly dare visit the Post-Office, Theatre, or other public place of assemblage, without leaving any valuables he may wish safe, at home. The Courier of Wednesday says on this subject, that "complaints are every day made at the Police Office, of depredations committed upon the pockets of strangers and others, by a numerous gang of accomplished and thorough-bred pickpockets who are now infesting our city. These itinerant gentry make periodical visits, and seldom leave without replenishing their purses from the pockets of the unguarded. The book in which losses are entered at the Police Office contains an account of a number and to a very large amount, which have occurred within a week or ten days. Several of these were in the neighborhood of the Post-Office, and not a few have taken place in the Theatres and other crowded places of public amusement. In fact, the Post-Office, from the general hurry and confusion which are inseparable upon the distribution of letters to the numerous applicants, seems to be a favorite resort of the gang. We are requested by an efficient officer, connected with the Police Office, to call the attention of the public, and particularly of strangers visiting our city, to the facts we have stated, that they may be on their guard when frequenting places that are likely to be the resort of these light-fingered gentry."

From present appearances it would seem, that although many notorious thieves and vagabonds [illegible] ry, we are not likely to want material ready furnished to supply their places, as the following communication to the Mayor will show. It was received by a vessel lately arrived at this port from Hamburgh, of which we subjoin a copy:—

Consulate of the United States of America, Hamburg, August 2, 1832.

SIR—A few days since, I received information that the police of the city had sent fifteen or eighteen convicts on board the brig Dorothea, of and for New-York, Jeremiah J. Dickenson, master.—The vessel had left the port before I was informed of it, but I sent a letter on board, directed to Joseph Pitcairn, Esq. requesting him to give you immediate information. One of the convicts, named ——, is a notorious incendiary, and I am informed the others are notorious villains.

Very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
JOHN CUTHBERT.

To WALTER BOWNE, Esq. Mayor of the city of N. York.

We may now be said to be in a fair way to have our pockets picked by day and our houses burnt over our heads at night. If this is to be, as it promises, a prominent feature in a "Life in New York," we pray to be delivered therefrom.

The editor of the Courier expresses our feelings on this subject so nearly that we give place to his remarks. He says, "Comment upon so glaring an injury seems unnecessary. We object not to our country becoming a refuge for the suffering and oppressed. We object not to the parishes of Great Britain sending out their poor among us by thousands, since under the encouragements which are here afforded to industry, most of them may become enterprizing and useful citizens. But when a sovereign state, like the free city of Hamburg, thus presumes to violate the implied faith of nation, and, under the sanction of the public authorities, to send her robbers and incendiaries among us; when our city is made another Botany bay, and seems likely to become a thoroughfare upon which a population too corrupt even for the bodies politic of the old world to endure, is to be disgorged,—it is time for the government to turn its attention seriously to the subject, and take order immediately for arresting the tide of abominations which is setting in upon us."

AN EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—Some of our pickpockets display a dexterity in their manipulations, which would do no discredit to Vaux or a Barrington. Night before last, a gentleman from Schenectady, on his way to this city in one of the steamboats, on retiring to his berth, took his money (consisting of bank bills) the amount of between four and five hundred dollars, from his pocket-book, placed it in his watch fob, and slept in his pantaloons. In the morning, he felt for his money, and, finding it safe, let it remain. In the course of the day he stepped into an office in Wall-street to get it exchanged, when, taking it from his fob, he found it transmuted into a roll of counterfeit bills.—*Courier.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Patrick Collins was found in the street yelping because a nigger had hit him with a brick bat. There was a crowd around him who stated that no nigger had been near him, and that all the injury in his head arose from the free use of good whiskey. This statement was furiously gainsaid by Patrick, both when arrested and at the watch-house. In the morning, however, he was very meek, and only observed in defence, that he did not feel very well."—*Pennsylvanian.*

"Comparisons may be odorous," as the sagacious Dogberry asserts, and in truth every one knows that they often are both odorous and unsavoury, but all nature is full of comparisons, and they are forced upon us at every turn. A man who is inflexible and not to be intimidated is truly called a "Gum stump," a stupid fellow is aptly termed a log, and an obstinate man is a "Nigger [illegible]"

We have a case on record of one John Grumkow, who is known to his familiars as a crooked disciple, so crooked that he cannot be still. One of his fellow apprentices had a conundrum about him in times past. It was to this effect, "Why is John's company like a flannel shirt?—Give it up?—"Because it goes against my stomach."

Well, this John Grumkow having grown to man's estate; which, we take it, must be the interest of his whiskers, as he has nothing else clear of embarrassment—they extending some inches beyond his nose and chin—this John Grumkow is more of a nuisance than ever. His faults of temper are confirmed, and the virtues that were to appear, are yet to appear. John is savage in his disposition, and quarrelsome in his cups. He boards in a house, where the rule is three in a bed; and where a spirit of accommodation has decreed that every third week the middle place shall fall to John—that is two weeks out and one week in. In consequence, every third week John is awful—he keeps the house in a tumult night and day. The present week is John's week in, and to it the police owes the honour of his acquaintance. On Tuesday night John was shockingly boosy, and went home primed for a quarrel. He staggered into the room, and held his candle over the sleeper. "Hah!" says John, "snug, very snug; but I'll spoil your comfort. Your snoring shall be interrupted, or there's no snakes. John Grumkow will astonish you." In jumped John, boots, hat, every thing on, and secured his middle station. He rolled, tossed, kicked, and groaned, until the other two got furious. "Why, John," said they, "you've got your boots on." "To be sure; I've got a cold in my head, and must be careful." "Why, John, your hat's on." "Ay! ay! my stockings are worn out." "We wont stand this" "Well, just as you like. I am very comfortable." "Death and fury! your boots are covered with mud!" "Yes, the streets down in this part of the town are not so clean as they should be. But hang it, fellows, give us some of the blanket," said John, rolling the clothes tight around him. "I am fatter than I was. If you are cold, you can put on one of my nankeen roundabouts; and button it up." The last proceeding was the declaration of hostilities. A battle commenced, which ended in the ejection of John into the street, where he stood roaring for revenge.

"Silence, young man. What's the matter?"

"My name is Grumkow. Im a real Bengaler, a Calcutta from Canton."

"Very likely, I persumes. But what's the row?"

"Jim and Pete kicked me out of bed."

"What an attractious perseeding! What for?"

"Look, ye, Charles. Life is short, and I have not time to be considering about how I shall dress when I want to sleep. So I turnd in like a trooper's horse."

"How's that?"

"Why all standing. Full dress. It's so very convenient in case of fire."

"They served you right. I never heard of such a thing in a Christian land."

"Did'nt you? Then your travels have been bounded by the gutters. It's a Pittsville fashion of 1829. Elegance and convenience united. We made money there. So fast we hadnt time to take off our clothes. And in 1831—"

"You ran away so fast you had time to stay?"

"No—not precisely—we had'nt time to pay! But I want vengeance. Let's burst th' door!" Johnny rapped and kicked furiously.

"Come! come!" said the watch. "Your'e my prisoner."

"What for? Because I was kicked out of bed?"

"No—you're drunk."

"It must be so. Well, John Grumkow likes variety. He has seen much and hard much, but the watch house is a new scene in the life of a loafer."

"Come on, my beauty. I'll introduce you to the captain of the watch." B.

(Johnny was reprimanded, fined, and dismissed.)

BOSTON.

THIEF CAUGHT.—On Wednesday last, Baron Nab'em, alias "Old Reed," after much fruitless search, succeeded in arresting William, (colored), the robber who in August last broke into and robbed the store of [illegible] street, of sundry articles of jewelry, [illegible] a considerable portion of which was soon after found where concealed, and recovered. All attempts to arrest Williams were of no avail, until quite recently, when it was found that he had left the city, having got on board an eastern packet, bound for Bath. Upon the return of this vessel, he was immediately arrested, but none of the articles missing were found upon him, except one penknife. He states that he left a gold watch in pledge at Bath, having been detected, while there, in some pilfering attempt. From facts incidentally brought to light, it is supposed that Williams was kept concealed for some days at a house in the north part of the city, the occupant of which, during the whole pursuit, pretended to use every exertion for his arrest. Williams is a most determined and reckless thief. His to be tried without delay, at the Municipal Court now in session.—*Traveller.*

THE TURF.—We cannot account for the fact that although we have the elements for the improvement of the breed of horses, yet the English horses continue to fetch prices treble the sum paid for the best of ours. In the Racing Calendar, we find nothing that greatly exceeds the speed of our own horses, yet they all have a higher rate. At the late Newmarket Races, in England, although an exceedingly wet day, eight horses started, and *Priam* beat the whole with great ease, and he is supposed to have netted to his owners, during the time they have held him, the full sum of $15,000.

After winning the Derby stakes, the following prices were obtained for several horses; Memnon, $16,000; Serab, 11,000; Cedric, 11,000; Bugwaist $14,000; Zinganee, $14,000; Mameluke, $19,000; Colonel, $19,000; Clitus, $1400, Mummer, 6,000. These are prices worth having, and how singularly they compare with the four Arabs, sold lately at Tattersals, at $2,500 for the whole.

From the Exeter News Letter.

The Boston Atlas of Wednesday has the following announcement under the head of auction sales.

By Edward F. Hall.
(Office Nos. 88 & 90 Water-street.)
Dry Goods.
To-morrow at 9 o'clock at office.
Will be presented Sheridan's Tragedy, called A prime assortment of foreign and domestic dry Goods, consisting of
Broadcloths—cassimeres—sattinetts, &c.

BATHOS.—We find the following splendid specimen of the bathos in an address to the commissioners of roads, published in the Charleston Courier.

Gentlemen. We call upon you, if you value the lives of your fellow-citizens, (or if in short you value your own lives,) to look to the *ruined state* of the *Foot Bridge* which crosses Bennett's mill pond.

SINGULAR TASTE.—Dr. Waterhouse says, "I had rather sleep to the leeward of Seaver's famous piggery, than in a canopied and curtained room, in which were placed pots full of the most beautiful and sweet smelling flowers our finest gardens afford."

"De gustibus non disputandum," as the *old lady* fair one said, when she kissed the cow.

ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.—The Montreal *Ami du Peuple* says, that at the Paris Church on Sunday the 15th ult. there were published 36 bans of marriage!

WONDERFUL LEAP.—On Saturday, the 17th August, 1822, a most extraordinary leap was made by a horse in the possession of Mr. Beardsworth, of the Repository in Birmingham. On the ground being accurately measured by some gentlemen who witnessed the performance, it was found, that in passing over a bar three feet six inches high, the leap was taken at the amazing distance of 17 feet 7 inches from it, and the whole space of ground covered was *nine yards and eight inches*. The horse was fifteen and a half hands high, and carried upwards of 12 stone. He afterwards leaped over the same bar several times, and cleared upwards of *eight yards* without much apparent effort.

WONDERFUL.—The author of a work on the state of society in England, says, "almost every boy has a mother." We bow down submissively to his erudition.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

HATS IN A DRAWING ROOM.—A gentleman always enters the drawing room with his hat in his hand, though it is not peculiar to dinner parties; it is the custom in all cases whatsoever; one would no more leave his hat than his coat, in the antechamber; and since the thing meets some reprobation in New York I will digress a little to defend it. It will not be denied that the most finished gentleman will occasionally, in the vicissitudes of a party, find a want of occupation for his hands. I am aware that there are a great many advantageous positions for them, such as being thrust into the arm-holes of the vest; folded behind under the skirts of the coat; now and then thrust into the breeches pockets; and frequently sent aloft to ascertain if the collar and hair are in good order; but all this does'nt make out the evening.—What then, are we to do? Why, do as the ladies do; take an equivalent for their fan, and carry your hat. But, over and above the decided convenience of the custom, there is a ten dollar consideration, not to be lightly passed over. Who was ever at a ball or a party in New York without losing his beaver? The thing has become such a nuisance, that gentlemen are obliged to keep one for the purpose, too poor to be stolen. What, then, I say again, is to be done? Carry your hat. It puts one at ease among strangers to have his hands employed. Even with old acquaintances it assists conversation. What is the objection to it? None in the world. Gentlemen, carry your hats! and ladies, do not ask us to lay them aside. I am sorry to deny a lady anything, but I will carry my hat, come of it what may.

"THE WHOLE HOG."—This expression, used alike by the partisans of each of the Presidential candidates, and applied to other matters than those generally comprised under the appellation of political, bids fair to become the cause of a greater controversy, if possible, than is waged in reference to the question of the next chief magistrate. That the term has an existence is evident from its frequent repetition in almost every political print—but while some are willing to rest with this knowledge others have attempted a research into the mist which envelopes its origin, and have given the result of their investigations to the world. But they are at fault. We do not wish to incur the charge of egotism, yet must take the credit upon ourselves of clearing up the mystery. Our authority is undoubted—at least by us. The phrase has the honor of being raised in Kentucky, and Kentucky has the honor of *raising* the subject of the phrase. It is this.—A Yankee journeying through that state a few years since, was invited by several of his friends to attend a barbacue to be given in celebration of a victory achieved by the party to which he was attached, in the choice of their candidate for hog-reeve. On their way they passed a pen—(pens in Lexington were then as troublesome as pens in Washington at the present time) and one of his companions pointed out to him a huge porker which was to be roasted for the convivial party. Jonathan who never had heard of roasting entire any thing of the tribe larger than a sucking pig, was struck with astonishment. "What!" exclaimed he, "*the whole hog?*" "Yes, yes," responded several of his friends at once, "we go THE WHOLE HOG here in Kentucky."—*New Bedford Gazette.*

Buffon when he began to write on ornithology, knew but of 800 birds, but imagined there might be from 1,500 to 2000. Full 6,000 varieties are now known, and new species are adding every year.

MUSIC,

At Peale's Museum & Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the Park.

THE KENDALLS are engaged for a short time, to delight the company with their exquisite performance on the Harp, French Horn, and improved French Flageolet, during the evenings.

The working model of the [illegible] Steam Carriage, lately exhibited at Niblo's Garden, is deposited in the Museum.

Amongst the Paintings may be particularly noticed a full length portrait of Napoleon by Lefevre. Oct 13.

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE
J. P. Moore, 208 Broadway

Nearly opposite St. Paul's Church.

HAS constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholsale or Retail, Swords, Sword-Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs, &c. &c with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

NAVY.
Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

FOR SPORTSMEN.
The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Duelling, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also a general assortment of Gun locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality, Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

RIFLES.
A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

FISHING TACKLE.
A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c. &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold by him, and those favoring him with their orders may depend upon being served with faithfulness and at moderate prices.

Guns made to order, and all altering and repairing done in the best manner, and with punctuality.

P. S. Wanted immediately Six first-rate steady workmen at Fowling or Rifle making. To good steady men constant employment will be given. Oct. 13.

LOTTERY OFFICE.

S. J. SYLVESTER will conduct the *Lottery and Exchange Business*, at his new store, corner of Fourth and Wood streets, where he will be pleased to see his correspondents when they visit Pittsburgh. Letters may be addressed as usual, S. J. SYLVESTER, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

NEW & CHEAP BOOK STORE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE Subscriber has lately received an extensive assortment of BOOKS, which he offers to Western merchants at New-York prices. The stock is comprised of the latest editions in good bindings. On hand, 500 Family Bibles; 1000 Pocket do.; 2500 Hymn Books, assorted; 3000 vols. assorted School Books, &c. Also, 12 cases fine and common Engravings; 25 do. Men's and Boys' Fur and Hair Caps of various qualities; Maps of the different States, mounted and in pocket form.

Country orders supplied on the most advantageous terms. S. J. SYLVESTER, No. 71 Wood-st. corner of Fourth. Pittsburgh, Pa. Oct. 1, 1832.

CAPS & Stocks of every variety in any quantity for sale at very reduced prices at the Cap & Stock factory of L. MORANGE & DAVIS.
June 11, 1832. 105 William street.

Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.
RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

THE Fifth representation of Rossini's celebrated Opera LA CENERENTOLA, will take place on Monday evening, Oct. 15.

The Manager of the Italian Opera has the honor of informing the public, that having finally succeeded in completing the necessary alterations for the purpose of enlarging and embellishing the Theatre, the Scenery and the Wardrobe, he will give a series of thirty five representations in the course of the three months of October, November and December—which will be opened with one of the finest productions of the celebrated Rossini, LA CENERENTOLA.—This Opera will be brought out in all the purity and splendor of the original, and will call forth the talents of the following Vocal and Instrumental performers.

CHARACTERS.

Prince Ramiro,	Sigr. G. B. Montresor.
Don Magnifico,	Sigr. Ernesto Orlandi.
Dandini,	Sigr. L. Fornasari.
Cenerentola,	Sig'ra. Saccomani.
Clorinda,	Sig'ra. L. Marozzi.
Tisbe,	Sig'ra. T. Verducci.
Alidoro,	Sigr. Placi.

Chorus of Noblemen, &c. &c.
Maestro Director of the Opera, Signor A Bagioli.
Maestro Leader of the Chorusses, Sig'r C. Salvioni.
Leader of the Orchestra and first Violin, Signor Michele Rappetti.

Signor Schmidt,	Violin.
" Croce,	Violin.
" Conti,	Violin.
" Mayers,	Violin.
" Dumasant,	Violin.
" Abie,	Viola.
" Lannay,	Viola.
" Casolani,	Contra Basso.
" Hutet,	Violoncello.
" Paggi,	Primo Oboe.
" Conti,	Secondo Oboe.
" Gardenghi,	Bassoon.
" Flottes,	Flute.
" Guillaud,	Primo clarionet.
" Schutter,	Secondo "
" Nidds,	First Horn.
" ———	Second Horn.
" Cioffi,	Trombone.
" Nelson,	Trumpet.

The Scenery has been planned and executed by Sigr. *Mario Bragaldi*, Scene Painter.

The Wardrobe under the direction of Sigr. Alberto Bazzani, Principal Costumer.

The Manager has in preparation the much admired Opera of *Elisa e Claudio* of the celebrated Mercadante, which with other Operas to be hereafter determined upon, will complete the catalogue of Operas to be given in the course of the first season. Due notice will be given of the first appearance of Signora Pedrotti, Prima Donna Seria and Signor Giuseppe Corsetti, Basso, and Signor Sapignoli, Tenore.

Seats and private boxes taken at the Treasurer's office, Theatre. First and Second row of boxes, one dollar fifty cents. Orchestral seats, one dollar fifty cents. Third tier of boxes and pit, one dollar. Carriages will drive in at the great entrance from Varick street, and pass out through the Portal into Charlton street. Half-past six doors to be opened, and Overture to commence at half-past seven o'clock precisely.

☞ All places taken are to be paid for at the time of subscribing, which will be secured to the owner during the whole performance and not as customary until the end of the first act.

☞ Persons desirous to secure private boxes for the season, as well as Season Tickets, both for the first and second tier of Boxes, and the Orchestra Seats, will please apply to the Manager, [illegible] where every facility will be afforded them that can possibly be required. s29

EAGLE COURSE,
TRENTON, N. J.

THE Races over the Eagle Course at Trenton will commence on the 1st Tuesday in November, with a purse of 100 dollars, 2 mile heats.

2d day, $200, 3 mile heats.
3d [illegible] 1 mile heat.
and in the afternoon [illegible] 3 mile heats.

Entrances for each day's race must be made with the Secretary before 5 o'clock, P. M. the day previous, or double entrance required. oct 1

MILTON RACES.

THE Milton Races over the Milton Course will commence on Wednesday, the 17th day of October, and continue three days.

1st day. Proprietor's Purse $160, 2 mile heats entrance $15.

2d day. Jockey Club Purse $200, two mile heats, entrance $20.

3d day. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies that were three years old last spring, entrance $50 distance 1 mile heats. subscription to close the evening preceding the race, three or more to make a race, one entered. The money for the two first days races will be hung up at the usual discount.

The Proprietor of the course will use all possible exertions to put the track and his stables in first rate order for the comfortable accommodation of those who may think proper to participate in such innocent amusement. The plentiful accommodations at his bar and his table, together with his moderate charges, he flatters himself cannot fail to satisfy the reasonable expectations of all.

THE PROPRIETOR.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No. 33 Baltimore-street, Baltimore, Md. And Wood-street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No 15, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, Oct. 12th is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; it frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of CASSAT & HUTCHISON, for the purpose of transacting a general *Commission and Forwarding Business*, in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of *Groceries*, together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

To Storekeepers.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh Baltimore, or New-York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

CORSETS AND KISSES.

A youthful poet writes thus feelingly to his mistress in a southern paper:

I wish I was a corset bone,
That's to thy lovely breast—
That I might be both night and day
To thy fair bosom pressed.

I wish I was the china cup
From which you drink your tea,
For then I know at every sip
You'd give a kiss to me.

A sprightly young belle who was an admirer of poetry would often tease her beau to write verses for her, as he had made some acquaintance with the muses; one day, becoming quite importunate, she would take no denial. Come pray do now write some poetry for me, wont you. I'll help you out, I'll furnish you with rhymes if you will make lines for them. Here now,

please — moan
tease — bone

He at length good humouredly complied, and filled up the measure as follows:

To a form that is faultless, a face that must—please,
Is added a restless desire to trouble and—tease,
Oh! how my hard fate, I should ever be—moan,
Could I but believe, she'd be bone of my—bone.

"What have you got to say, old Baconface?" said a counsellor to a farmer, at a late Cambridge assize. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking that my *Baconface* and your *Calf's head* would make a very good dish."

An Irish painter declares in an Irish journal, that, among other portraits, he has a representation of *Death* as large as *life*.

A foreign sailor was punished one day for calling his landlord's wife a b—h. The defence of the foreigner was, that he had heard the term so often applied by the *husband*, that he really thought it was the wife's *proper name*.

An Irishman having succeeded in picking a person's pocket, the gentleman turned round and caught him by the collar—"There," said Patrick, handing him the money, "see how easy *I might have picked your pocket!*"

A dandy called upon a doctor a few days since and complained of an apothecary who had given him a dose of oil, saying it stuck in his teeth and mouth, and was altogether unfit for a gentleman. "You are right," said the doctor, "it is only fit for *working*-men."

A Trifle.—A peasant being at confession accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

Spreeing It.—Two Jonathans stepped into a bar-room in this town, and calling for a glass of New-England, drank it between them. A long time was then [illegible] and [illegible] complacency, the two bucks leaned back in their chairs, rolling [illegible] tobacco smoke. At length one broke silence with "I say Jo, what d'ye 'spose mother would think, if she knew that we were *spreeing it!*" *Lowell Compend.*

Somebody, we know not who, sends us occasionally a conundrum. We received one yesterday from the unknown manufacturer, in the following form:

"*Crack's last.* Why is the sun like bread? Because it rises from the (y)east."

That is pretty well done, and we will return the compliment in kind to our correspondent, as thus:

Why is the moon like a Welsh rabbit? Because it is made of green cheese. [U. S. Gazette.

Buonaparte's Travelling Carriage.

The very curious and convenient chariot of the late Emperor of France, which was exhibited at the London Museum, Piccadilly, in 1816, was built by Symons of Brussels, for the Russian campaign, and was adapted to the various purposes of a pantry and a kitchen; for it had places for holding and preparing refreshments, which by the aid of a lamp, could be heated in the carriage; it served also for *a bed-room, a dressing room, an office*, &c: there was a separation rising about six inches, dividing the seat. The shape of this ingenious vehicle was of the form and dimensions of a large modern English travelling chariot—only that it had a projection in front of about two feet, the right hand half of which was open to the inside to receive the feet, and thus formed a bed—the left hand contained a store of various useful things.

Beyond the projection in front, and nearer to the horses, was the seat for the coachman, ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage, and yet so placed as to afford those within a clear sight of the surrounding country—beneath this seat was a receptacle for a box, about two and a half feet in length and four inches square, which a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up in a couple of minutes.

Over the front windows was a roller-blind of strong painted canvas, which when pulled out, *excluded rain while it admitted air.*

On the ceiling of the carriage was a net work for carrying small travelling requisites: in a recess there was a secretaire, ten inches square by eighteen inches in length, which contained nearly a hundred articles presented to Napoleon by Maria Louisa, under whose care it was fitted up with every luxury and convenience that could be imagined; and contained, besides the usual requisites for a dressing-box, most of which were solid gold, a magnificent breakfast service, with plates, candlesticks, knives, forks, spoons—a spirit-lamp, for making breakfast in the carriage—gold case for Napoleons—gold wash-hand basin—a variety of essence bottles, perfumes—and an almost infinite variety of minute articles, down to pins, needles, thread and silk. Each of these were fitted into recesses, most ingeniously contrived, and made in the solid wood, in which they packed close together, and many within each other, in such a narrow space, that, on seeing them arranged it appeared impossible for them ever to be put in so small a compass:—at the bottom of this toilet box, in divided recesses, were found two thousand gold Napoleons; on the top, writing materials, looking glass, combs, &c.—a liqueur case which had two bottles, one with Malaga wine, the other rum, a silver Sandwich box, containing a plate, knives, spoons, pepper and salt boxes, mustard pot, decanter, glasses, &c.—a wardrobe, writing desk, maps, telescopes, arms, &c.—a large silver chronometer, by which the watches of the army were regulated, two merino mattrasses, a green velvet travelling cap—also a diamond head-dress (tiara,) hat, sword, uniform, and an imperial mantle, &c. &c.

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES,

Norfolk, Va.

Will commence on Wednesday the 7th of November next, and continue four days.

First day—a sweepstake for colts and fillies 3 years old last spring—2 mile heats, $100 entrance, p. p.—thirteen subscribers, and closed.—Subscibers, Richard Adams, John M. Botts, W. R. Johnson, James J. Harrison, John P. White, Wm. M. West, James M. Selden, Wm. Wynn, Rich'd H. Long, Henry A. Tayloe, John Minge, James S. Garrison, Wm. L. White, and Thomas Doswell.

Second day—Proprietor's purse $300—2 mile heats, entrance $15.

Third day—An inside stake, 4 mile heats, entrance $500, play or pay, and $1000 added by the club and proprietor—seven subscribers, which makes the stake $4,500. Subscribers, Wm. Wynn, Thos. Doswell, Wm. L. White, Strother Green, Thos. D. Watson, Jas. S. Garrison, Jas. J. Harrison, and Wm. R. Johnson.

Fourth and last day—The proprietor will put up a handsome Silver Cup and Urn—mile heats, best 3 in 5—entrance $20—free for any horse.

JOHN N. GIBBONS, *Sec'y.*

Norfolk, Sept. 22, 1832.

EAGLE COURSE,

Trenton, N. J.

The Fall Races over the Eagle Course at Trenton will commence on the 2d Tuesday in November.

1st day—2 mile heats
2d — 3 do.
3d — 1 do.

and a trotting purse in the afternoon—3 mile heats.

The amount of the Purses will be fixed hereafter, and due notice given by advertisement in this paper and in handbills. O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

Trenton, Sept. 21, 1832.

TRIAL OF SPEED,

And Exhibition of Colts.

Will commence on the 11th of October.

First day, a purse of $200, four miles and repeat. Second day, a purse of $150, three miles and repeat. On the same day, at 11 o'clock, there will be a Silver Cup awarded to the best blooded yearling and two-year old colts, calculated for the Turf. A like Cup to the best yearling and two year old colts, calculated for saddle and quick draught. Third day, a purse of $100, two miles and repeat. On the same day, a purse of $100, to be run for by untried three year olds, that shall not have previously won a purse.

It is the wish of the Managers of the Association, that the breeders of Horses should exhibit as many of their brood mares and colts as may be convenient, and the owners of Stallions are invited to exhibit them. Arrangements will be made for their reception on the field, on the morning of the 24 day's race.

By order of the O. C. Association for the improvement of the Breed of Horses.

Wheeling, Sept. 26, 1832.

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

The Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $30.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $25.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse, entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, [illegible]

TROTTING COURSE,

Mount Vernon, near New-York City.

The public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 18th of OCTOBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary, [illegible] the Stables and for Training; and Sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

Oct. 13, 1832.

A CARD.

New-York Gymnasium, No. 29 Ann Street.

W. FULLER begs leave to remind gentlemen returning from the country, and particularly those whose pursuits require close application, that the surest method of retaining the health and vigor which a sojourn in, and the amusements of, the country may have given them, is by having daily recourse to some active bodily exercise, which is likewise the best safe-guard against attacks of the pestilence which still lurks in our city.

The institution he has the pleasure of conducting affords every facility and convenience for attaining objects so desirable, and he begs that they will take an opportunity of examining it for themselves. To his subscribers he presents his compliments, and hopes that they will be general and regular in their attendance.

P. S. Fencing and Sparring upon the most approved principles taught at the Gymnasium.

"Elements of Gymnastics," by Wm Fuller, price 25 cents. Oct. 6.

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 Watts street.

George S. Waite, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

BOOKSTORE REMOVED.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully notifies his friends and customers, particularly Book sellers and Peddlers, that he has leased the splendid stores on the corner of Fourth and Wood streets, Pittsburgh, formerly occupied by S. P. Darlington, Esq. where he will at all times have for sale an extensive assortment of BOOKS at *Eastern Prices.*

Now on hand an extensive collection of Theological, Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books.—Blank Books in every variety. Playing Cards at manufacturer's prices. Paper Hangings Writing and Wrapping paper.

MAPS of the United States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, &c. for sale at low prices.

ENGRAVINGS.—Just received 5 Cases of French and English Engravings, forming a complete assortment.

Also CAPS, by the Case, Dozen, or Single.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 1832.

PRINTS, FANCY STATIONERY,

School Books, Visiting & Playing Cards.

Engravings of every kind constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 205 Division st.

Also, on hand a general assortment of Stationery and School Books, together with various kind of Toy Books, all of which will be sold cheaper than at any other place in Division street.

Print dealers will be supplied at from 2 to $15 per 100. Look for 205.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be holden on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the city and county of N. York.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several wards of your county, will give notice of the election of four Representatives to Congress, from the third Congressional District: and that forty-four Electors of President and Vice President and two Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in the County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff city and county of N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

Gentlemen.—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known Imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcelable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding in the known world, carrying 112 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison Co.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Sept. 12, 1832.

N. B. Sweet Brier, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

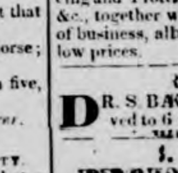
TO SPORTSMEN

Of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Notice is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 — JAMES MOORE.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. Carter 113 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

REMOVAL.

Dr. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 6 Bowery corner of Walker street, [illegible]

I. D. CHILDS, ENGRAVER ON WOOD,

9 LIBERTY STREET,
NEW-YORK.

CANES.

W[illegible] CANES in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and the shortest notice. 23tf

BEHEAN,

HAIRCUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 111 Broadway, New-York.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

Sportsmen are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) the most favorable that could be selected, when desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

R. N. WHITE,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

TO DENTISTS.

Gold, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 — GEORGE S. WAITE.

PRIZE OFFICE.

All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

LANSING & MORSE, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

175 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

REMOVAL.

John Burdell, Dentist, has removed his office from 229 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. Entrance in Duane street.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

Surgeon Dentist, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York.

R. H. ELTON,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137 Division-st.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—liberal discount made to venders. dec 10y

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

The subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of new Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply furnished Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

The Autumn Races.

RACES TO COME.

This Month.

Warrenton, Va.—Wednesday, 10th, and continue three days. First day, $200 two mile heats, second day, $250 three mile heats, third day, $100 mile heats, best three in five.

[The limits prescribed for horses which are permitted to run over the Warrenton course, are extended, so as to admit all horses foaled in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, to run for any purse or plate over the said course.]

New Iberia, La.—Wednesday, 10th, to continue three days. First day, 200 doll. three mile heats, second day, 200 doll., two mile heats, third day, 100 doll., mile heats.

Bowling Green, Va.—On Wednesday 17th, and continue four days. First day, sweepstakes for 3 year olds—entrance 100 dolls. five entries. Same day, a sweepstakes for four year olds—entrance 50 dolls., six entries. Second day, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds—entrance 25 dolls., six entries. Same day, 100 dolls. three mile heats. Third day, a match race for 100 dolls. Same day, 150 dolls., three mile heats—three best in five. Fourth day, 150 dolls.—mile heats.

Salisbury, N. C.—Tuesday, 23d, and continue three days. First day, 225 dolls.—three mile heats. Second day, 175 dolls.—two mile heats. Third day, handicap purse—mile heats—best three in five, for the entrance money of the preceding days.

Leesburg, Va.—Tuesday, 23d, and continue three days. First day, 250 dolls.—three miles heats. Second day, 150 dolls.—two mile heats. Third day, 100 dolls.—mile heats, best three in five.

Easton, Md.—Wednesday, 24th, three days. First day, colts purse, 200 dolls.—two mile heats. Second day, 300 dolls.—four mile heats. Third day, handicap purse, 100 dolls.—mile heats.

Florence, Ala.—On Tuesday, 23d, four days. First day, sweepstakes, 200 dolls. entrance, two mile heats—six subscribers. Second day, $400, three mile heats. Third day, $200, two mile heats. And a colt sweepstakes, one mile out—60 dolls. entrance, five subscribers.

HILLSBOROUGH RACES.

The Races over the Hillsborough (N. C.) Course will commence on Wednesday the 10th of October next, and continue four days.

First day, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, four entered and closed.

Second day, one mile heats, purse $150; free for any thing.

Third day, two mile heats, purse $200; free for any thing.

Fourth day, three mile heats, purse $350; free for any thing.

Money hung up.

Wm. H. PHILLIPS, *Sec'y.*

JACKSON FALL RACES.

The races over the Silver Hill Course, near the town of Jackson, Northampton county, N. C. will commence on Wednesday the 17th day of October next, and continue three days.

First day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies which have never won a race; $100 entrance, h. f., mile heats.

Same day, a match race between two three year old Shawnee fillies, for $400, 2 mile heats.

Second day, proprietor's purse, $200, two mile heats, $20 entrance.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, $500, subject to the usual discount, 3 mile heats, $20 entrance.

The proprietor flatters himself that this track is not surpassed by any in the United States, the soil neither too hard nor too soft, and perfectly level, railed inside and out all round, measures one mile four inches four feet from the inside railing. [illegible] accommodation of visitors. [illegible] prepared for the accommodation of [illegible] and litter furnished for race-horses gratis.

JOHN WHITE, *of Jackson, Proprietor.*

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES.

A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f. to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

LOUISVILLE FALL RACES.

The Louisville Agricultural Society having been dissolved last fall, a new joint stock company has since been formed, under the name of the "Louisville Association," for the improvement of the breed of horses. The company consists of seventyfive stockholders, each holding one share of $100. A beautiful track of land has been purchased on the Salt river road, one and a half mile from the city of Louisville, on which a running track has been laid off, thirty feet in width and precisely a mile in length, enclosed by a closeplank fence eight feet in height, and having a light railing extended round the whole of the inner circuit.

The first fall meeting of the Association will commence on the third Tuesday of October, (23d) and continue five days.

First day, a sweepstakes, one mile heats, $50 entrance, free for any thing.

Second day, Association purse, $600, four mile heats.

Third day, Association purse, $200, two mile heats.

Fourth day, association purse, $400, three mile heats.

Fifth day, the Association will give a piece of plate of the value of $100, which, with the entrance money, will be run for, one mile heats, best three in five.

To increase the sports of the meeting, there will be on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a second race, for purses to be given by the Association; the amount of which, and the distance to be run, will be declared by the Trustees the evening previous. On Tuesday, it is expected, the interesting match race, between the well known Virginia horse, Waxey, and the favorite Kentucky horse Woodpecker, will be run over the Association course, a single four miles, for $1000 aside. JOHN POE, *Secretary.*

CHRISTANSVILLE RACES.

The races over the Christiansville Course will commence on Tuesday, 6th day of November next, and continue five days.

First day—Proprietor's purse, $200, two mile heats. Entrance $15.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, $500, 3 mile heats. Entrance $20.

Third day—Bal. Jockey Club Subscription, mile heats. Entrance $15.

Fourth day—Handicap Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Entrance $15, to be added to purse.

Fifth day—A colt race, $100 entrance, mile heats—3 or more to make a race, subscription closed on the evening preceding first day's race. Also a saddle race, and gate money of that day, free for any horse that has never won a purse of $10. Entrance money hung up without discount.

The proprietor would inform the amateurs of the turf, (as his track is new,) that he has spared neither pains nor money in rendering the whole convenient and comfortable. To the public he would say, his accommodations are large.

RICHARD C. PURYEAR, Proprietor.

September 3, 1832.

Sporting Stores.

HINTON'S

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
121 Broadway, N. Y.

Where may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold gilt silver plated [illegible] trimming; Tassels and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

Fowling Articles.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags, leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

Fishing Tackle.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

To Travellers.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

The subscriber offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods, do. Walking Cane Rods, best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

Charles R. Taylor, No. 11 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cock screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

[illegible] his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Darell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

The subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store, and also hopes that they will be favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

To Sportsmen.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
Wall street, No. 3, corner of New st. opposite the Wall-street church.

** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26

TO SPORTSMEN.

Just Received—*Hawker on Shooting, or Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast, and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his 'Instructions to Sportsmen,' the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

Pocket Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Amusements, &c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Locomotive Engine, Cars, and Rail-Road.

Wm. Niblo respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting [illegible] around the South Garden the beautiful [illegible] Engine called the Novelty, made expressly for exhibition together with Cars which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail-Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of acting, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any compulsive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechanism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epidemic.*

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified, and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of those flying machines, in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place cannon on the battle ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail-Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price. s29

PEALE'S MUSEUM,

And Gallery of the Fine Arts,
Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

This favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit.

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

Painted by Rembrandt Peale is now open for exhibition and sale at the Rooms (late Atheneum) corner of Broadway and Pine st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Proteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—23 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either as deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia 810, (alarm of yellow fever); New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152; Charleston 1099; Savannah 300, Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction, having been often enquired for; and [illegible]

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Samuel S. Lynch, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

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[illegible] *H. Mitch[illegible]*

[D]EVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE [illegible]

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
[W]ALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.
SA[illegible]

NEW-YORK:

[SATURD]AY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1832.

[PEN]NSYLVANIA ELECTION.

[Fo]r the past ten days we have amused ourselves with observing the workings of political [illegible] our citizens on the subject of the [Pen]nsylvania Election. A single glimpse down [illegible] was sufficient to tell the nature of the [int]elligence. If Wolf was gaining, the Bulletin of the Standard was surrounded with [illegible] eager readers of the gladdening news. [illegible] was ahead, the Advocate office was [illegible] with smiling faces, greedily perusing [ann]ouncement of his successful progress. [illegible] you would hear congratulations for [illegible] on the other, equally joyous greetings [illegible] of the Orator of the West. On one [day] party would elongate their faces to [me]lancholy length;—on the next, the [illegible] were mournfully wending their way [illegible] with countenances depicted with [illegible] despair. Thus the *game* continued [illegible] exciting hopes and fears, joys and [illegible] until Tuesday evening, when the "great [illegible] was over, and the announcement of the [illegible] of Wolf broke the spell, and dissolved [illegible] of the wordy warfare.

[illegible] unconcerned spectator the scene was an [illegible] one. Deeply as all seemed to feel, yet [illegible] of action was too far removed, and [int]erests and feelings too little involved to [illegible] angry emotions of any kind—while the [illegible] either party were strengthening the [illegible] of "the believers" with their prognostics, and seducing them into the belief [illegible] means of information were beyond [illegible] of ordinary mortals and could be relied [illegible] Editor of the Courier & Enquirer, [illegible] threw his friends into a "glorious puzzle" [illegible] to bet on *both* sides, thus disturbing the confidence of those who were anticipating [illegible] of clothing themselves at the expense [of their fri]ends. Still the "play went on"—large [illegible] shunned, but small ones were offered [illegible] including every article of dress from a [illegible] pair of gloves. New hats are now as [illegible] paving stones—boots as cheap as dirt—[illegible] coats and pants, they glisten on every [illegible] a most reflective glare in the faces of [those who] paid for them.

[SP]ORTING INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible] Races.—It will be seen from an [advertise]ment in to-day's paper, that the Races [over the] Central Course, Baltimore, will take [place on] the 23d inst. instead of the 5th, as advertised, and continue as usual, four days. We [advise our] friends who have a few day's leisure, [to make] tracks" for Baltimore, and see the [illegible] Post Stake. It will be a "screamer" [the en]trance being $500, p. p. and the Proprietor [adding] $1,000; four subscribers. We cannot [illegible] designate what horses are *entered*, but [illegible] has sent on his *O'Kelly, Black* [illegible] and others: Mr. Badger, the *Flying* [Dutch]man, and Col. Johnson and Major Selden [illegible] subscribers, own so many "good [illegible]," that we have promise of better sport, [than h]as been offered this season.

[illegible]—We regret to learn, since writing the [above, that] the Flying Dutchman has been withdrawn by Mr. Badger, on account of some injury [sust]ained at the late Lancaster Races.—[illegible] sent on for Mr. Van Mater's Gen. [illegible], who will probably make one of the four [that] start for this splendid purse.

[illegible] Dominion." Our friends will bear in [mind tha]t the Fall Meeting, of the Fairfield [Club], takes place on the 30th of the present. Every accommodation will be provided at the Fairfield Dwelling House for visitors, [and th]e produce of nearly all the best stables [in Virgi]nia are entered, our Sporting friends [illegible] anticipations of this meeting.

[The] Tree Hill Fall Meeting, (also postponed) [takes] place on Wednesday, the 11th of Nov.

[illegible] Trotters.—We learn from a correspondent that a Trotting Match, and a good one [came] off near the Saugus Bridge, Lynn, Ms. [between] the celebrated trotter, *Ephraim Smooth*, a horse, formerly, we believe, if not at present owned by our friend, R. Davis, Esq. and a [trott]er, from Lowell. The match was for [a] mile heat, and "Ephraim, the trotter," [was] to the bet, was to come out ten rods in order to win. Though the match seems [illegible] an odd one, the horses "*did the thing*, [beauti]fully," the Lowell racker winning the purse [by ab]out four lengths. Time, 2m. 46s.

[Fo]x Hunting.—The Montreal Club, which a [short] time since was presented by Commodore [illegible] with fourteen couple of Hounds, seem to [be en]joying this exhilarating sport with great [illegible] we may judge of the almost daily appointments of their meeting. [Th]e Gazette of that city frequently gives us [de]lightful accounts of their brilliant runs, as [the fol]lowing, which we copy from that valuable [paper] of the 9th inst. will demonstrate.

[S]aturday last, found in a cover on Delorimier's farm, and "got away" in beautiful style, [illegible] well settled to their fox, and the race first [illegible]. The field, in consequence of meeting with two impracticable fences, called stoppers, obliged to make a tour, and came in with [the hou]nds at fault among some earths. Could [make] nothing of it, so crossed the Petit Cote and hunted the covers on Frector's farm, tally-hoed a fox, which being a young one was killed after a short run. Returned to the same cover, and almost immediately the "hark to bumper" gave note of preparation. He proved to be an old stager, and kept the hounds in full chorus after him for nearly an hour, and had it not been for the fast closing day, a second brush would doubtless have crowned this excellent day's sport.

Swedish Sporting Statistics.—A French paper devoted to statistics, calculates there were killed in Sweden, in 1831, 139 bears, 406 wolves, 217 lynxes, 8168 foxes, 58 cormorants, 1219 martens and otters, 31 beavers, 985 sea-dogs, 175 eagles, and 1278 falcons and owls.

Angling Extraordinary.—Our "disciples of old Izaak" have enjoyed fine sport this week at Castle Garden catching Bass. We understand that on Tuesday last, 1200 were taken from the bridge and outer wall of this delightful Garden, which is every day thronged with "knights of the rod." The bass are plenty, and at this season are esteemed by *connoisseurs* excellent for the table. We say to our city friends—Go to Taylor's—get your rod and tackle—wend your way to the Battery—and we doubt not you will find the sport to exceed your most sanguine expectations. Indeed,

Let those now fish who never fished before,
And those who always fished, now fish the more.

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

Cheap and Dear.—Mr. Watson Taylor's *deer* were sold so cheap, that they were not *dear* after all.

Alarming to Ladies.—The Leeds Patriot says—"It is with pleasure we learn that the Board of Health has given orders for the Lady Beck to be thoroughly cleansed." Every Lady Rebecca in the county became terribly alarmed, till it was recollected that a *Beck* in the North of England means a *Brook*, which set many feminine minds at rest, who could not at first *brook* the idea of being cleansed out at the *beck* of the Leeds Board of Health.

Scotch Cannibals.—We had our doubts that cannibalism really existed even in the most uncivilized regions,—which doubts were lately put to rest by reading in the *Fife Herald* that 900 individuals were *served up* with porter, bread, and beef, in honor of the reform bill.

Sic Transit, &c.—It is gravely published as an article of news, that "Prince Talleyrand last Thursday took an *emetic.*"

Encomiastic Capers.—An admirer of Taglioni, in a morning paper, says, "the sun of her dancing set in a storm of applause."

The Windsor Encampment is justified on the principle that a *standing* army should never *sit* still.

Theatrical Attraction must have been great on Thursday week, when the Haymarket advertised "Much Ado about Nothing," and the English Opera, "Call again To-morrow."

Most of the reform dinners have gone of pretty well, but the Brandon hill entertainment *went off* by the assistance of a Bristolian mob, more *rapidly* than any of them.

Conceited, but not Seated.—Several Tory members are announced as about to *stand* at the ensuing elections—and indeed it is probable many of them will have to do so after them, for there are very few who can reasonably expect to *sit.*

Epitaph in Thetford Church-Yard.

My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with a mortification in his thighs,
My sister dropped down in the Minories,
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking;
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing strong.

A modern writer thus enumerates the expression of the female eye:—"the glare, the stare, the leer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, the lustre of pleasure."

The *Gazette of Madrid* compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."

ANY GIVEN NUMBER.

Oysters, quoth Patrick, are a dear delight,
As he and Sawney finished their *tenth* score;
For they don't satisfy the appetite—
The more I eat, I still desire more.
Troth, replied Sawney, they are a dainty food,
They do not clog the stomach or incumber;
For my own part, I really think I could
At any time eat any *given* number.

Just Representation.—A French constitutional priest, who had usually a very small congregation to attend his labors, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, after a short pause, observed that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance, because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their *representatives.*

Early Drama.—Previous to the restoration of Charles II. no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were performed by young men in female costume. The King, coming to the house rather before his usual time, found the *dramatis persona* not ready to appear, when his Majesty not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the delay. The manager knowing that the best excuse he could make to the merry monarch would be the truth, went to the royal box, and plainly told his Majesty that "the *Queen* was not yet shaved!" Charles accepted the apology, and laughed heartily until the Queen was effeminated, and the curtain drew up.

Extract of a letter dated Macon, Oct. 3d, 1832.

"Homicide.—Mr. Thomas M. Ellis, proprietor of the Bank of Macon was shot in the street yesterday morning and died in about five hours after. The quarrel ensued, we understand, in consequence of Mr. Ellis refusing to show the books on [illegible] of the bank."

We understand that Mr. Ellis was shot by a person of the name of Byrom—that a quarrel had taken place between the parties, and that both had pistols, and fired about the same time, Ellis without effect.—*Augusta Ga. [illegible]*

Aristocratic W[illegible] vast estates of the Duke [illegible] to be worth £250,000 [illegible] Grace a greater income [illegible] of the King, the allowance [illegible] salaries of the great offic[ers].

Most Appalling M[illegible] 6th instant, an individ[ual] [illegible] losses in gambling, murd[ered] [illegible] children, and afterward [illegible]

Clear Direction.—[illegible] letters now lying in the [illegible] with the following enig[ma]: "A Mester Mester Jon[illegible] Mester Chriestaen."

Knocked into Not[illegible] repute as a physician, [illegible] When he began busin[ess] [illegible] great capital like Paris [illegible] enough for those without [illegible] mined for once to make [illegible] merit. To this end he [illegible] daily at all the hotels in [illegible] Dr. Portal. No one, [illegible] of Dr. Portal, but by [illegible] name, and stunned by [illegible] people began to suspect [illegible] his line, and for once th[illegible]

EPIG[RAM].

On employing [illegible]

No wonder that night [illegible]
And for places "ta[illegible]
The reason is clear, a[illegible]
That a horse will d[illegible]

On a T[illegible]

By the powers, I though[t] [illegible]
While I was chewing th[illegible]
Sure, connoisseur nor c[illegible]
If so he had no teeth to [illegible]

From th[illegible]

"Reader by these fo[illegible]
And mend your life [illegible]
For you must die like [illegible]
Though you read [illegible]

The following dram[illegible] chalked on the walls of [illegible]

"Vondenhoff acts [illegible]
Than any man in [illegible]

An Irish tailor who [illegible] coat and wastcoat too [illegible] them home and *let the*[illegible] the gentleman enquirin[g] [illegible] told by the tailor, that th[illegible] pening to fit a countryma[n] [illegible] *out at eighteen pence a* [illegible]

March of Intellig[ence] [illegible] male charged an old [illegible] spell upon her," so that [illegible] take up any thing in [illegible] letting it fall and smash[ing] [illegible] that the old woman w[illegible] a spell not only on he[r] [illegible] now bed-ridden, and [illegible] spell was taken off.—[illegible] the charge was made o[illegible] and that she was always [illegible] bors.—Complainant: [illegible] tea-pot at my door in th[illegible] fetches up rats alive ou[t] [illegible] and lets them loose up[illegible] is a killer of cats.—M[illegible] should listen to no m[illegible] the complainant and d[illegible] 150 years ago, all wou[ld] [illegible] scold, and the other bo[illegible]

Real or Mock T[urtle].—[illegible] the Comedian, was on [illegible] to this country, he o[illegible] Irishman, who was at[illegible] turtle that belonged to [illegible] that spirit of curiosit[y] [illegible] lookout for fun, Matt[illegible] of Pat's attention whe[illegible] wards him, observed, "[illegible] rious *bird!*" "Bird!" [illegible] fellow, it's more of a [illegible] Pat, "well now that's a [illegible] "They call it turtle" [illegible] "O! is it turtle!" ex[claimed] [illegible] I've heard of turtle; (t[illegible] "I beg your pardon, si[r] [illegible] turtle."

Canine Sagacity.—[illegible] tween two and three [illegible] from 10 to 12 years o[ld] [illegible] selves bathing in the [illegible] Meetwater bridge, Re[illegible] Hampstead road, whe[n] [illegible] Capt. Griffiths, residi[ng] [illegible] town, got out of his [illegible] low called to his comp[anions] [illegible] none of them being a[ble to] render him any. Cap[illegible] siding in the Alpha-co[illegible] was swimming his larg[e] [illegible] 100 yards from whe[re] [illegible] hearing the cry of [illegible] drowning," called his [illegible] ran to the spot, when [illegible] tention to the drown[ing] [illegible] sprang into the canal [illegible] hair of his head, succ[illegible] on shore, just as he w[illegible] After a short time he [illegible] home with some of his [illegible]

Horrible Murder.—[illegible] outrage against hum[anity] [illegible] Horncliff, not far from [illegible] the whole district wit[h] [illegible] Two lads, of the na[me] [illegible] had a dispute about a [illegible] quent quarrels, and o[illegible] they again came to [illegible] eventually to blows. [illegible] Percy's father, an old [illegible] and deliberately atta[cked] [illegible] stabbed him in the b[illegible] that his bowels, as [illegible] ground. Not conte[nt] [illegible] turned upon Paxton [illegible] man, who came up to [illegible] several places. The [illegible] day morning, in g[illegible] [illegible] him from his [illegible] survives. [illegible] retired [illegible] own throat, but not [illegible] [illegible]